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Who's New in Washington

By Elliott Thurston

The New Deal brings in many curiosities, some giants of another day, and a good many unknowns. "They're all statesmen to somebody."

Artemus Ward once asked for "a statesman who can rise up to the emergency, and cave in the emergency's head." And Disraeli observed that the world is weary of statesmen whom democracy has degraded into politicians. Which are the statesmen, which the politicians, in the New Deal in Congress? Will one or more arise to cave in the hydra-headed (in any Congressman's vocabulary) emergency?

As the first act of the Seventy-third Congress opens all performers are statesmen to somebody. All yearn to arise for the purpose of caving in something. The great American audience has its usual privilege of egging on the actors—or of just egging them. How the show will turn out is beyond human divination, but some clue to the plot may be had from a glance at the new cast of characters.

The New Deal shuffled 16 new Senators into the deck of 96, and more than 160 new Representatives into the 435 in the House.

Two former Senators have accepted humbler seats in the House, and glad to get them, too. One is James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York, who in 1933 leads the field for the Republican nomination for President in 1936. The field includes any Republican who achieved election in 1932, or was left in office anywhere. The other ex-Senator who condescends to sit in the House is Magnus Johnson, Farmer-Laborite of Minnesota, born at Varmland, Sweden, and hence ineligible to be President.

Four members of the unlamented last House move over to the Senate, three of them—Overton of Louisiana, Lonergan of Connecticut, and Dietrich of Illinois—to be Senators, and one—John Nance Garner of Uvalde, Texas—to be Vice-President. Ten ex-Congressmen return, after an absence, to the House. One ex-Senator, Alva Adams of Colorado, gets back to the Senate.

One ex-Secretary of the Treasury, William Gibbs McAdoo, returns to public life as Senator from California and takes a seat in the vicinity of another ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Carter Glass of Virginia. They were the greatest Democratic Secretaries of the Treasury since Albert Gallatin.

As for the rest of the newcomers to Congress, few of them have crossed the public vision in the past, most of them have entirely escaped national attention, some are known only to the home folk, and some may have dropped off Mars. A prominent and seasoned Senator from one large State when shown a list of the new Congressmen from that State and asked if he could identify any of them, scanned the list thoughtfully for several moments and said, "I never heard of any of them before in my life."

However, all these new dragon, witch, head, or merely job hunters represent the people's choice. They are coming on the stage as the old troopers, who could not hold their public, move off in the great exodus led by Mr. Hoover. Aside from the new President, his Cabinet, the new set of ambassadors extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, and the 17,000 other victors who divide the spoils, the change is momentous and perhaps portentous.

Instead of a Senate of 48 Republicans and 47 Demo-

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crats, the New Deal presents a Senate of 59 Democrats, and 36 Republicans, thus giving the Democrats a working majority for the first time since the war. The ninety-sixth member is Hendrik Shipstead, native of Kandiyohi County, Minnesota, who gave up dentistry for politics in the Farmer-Labor party. Magnus Johnson, incidentally, harbors an ambition to supplant Mr. Shipstead in the Senate, feeling that the effete atmosphere of Washington has softened Mr. Shipstead.

Instead of a House of 221 Democrats, 211 Republicans, and one Farmer-Laborite, the new House consists of 313 Democrats, 117 Republicans—fewer than at any time since Cleveland's second term—and 5 Farmer-Laborites.

The statistics signify the completeness of Democratic mastery in Congress, amounting practically to a monopoly in the House.

To their previously acquired store of House chairmanships, committee controls, and patronage from clerkships down to doorkeepers, the Democrats now add all the Senate spoils of like nature.

But it is the change in personnel which is important for the audience. The new Senate is scarcely recognizable. William E. Borah is left for the heavy tragedy. Louisiana's Kingfish, Huey Long, who makes Tom Heflin seem Websterian, remains for the clown parts. Hiram Johnson lingers to uphold 100 per cent Americanism. The Sons of the Wild Jackass survive except for Blaine of Wisconsin and Brookhart of Iowa, who fell before sons of the Donkey. Democratic wheelhorses, like Joseph Taylor Robinson of Little Rock, Arkansas, and Byron Patton Harrison of Gulfport, Mississippi, remain, obligated under the new dispensation to do less viewing with alarm, more pointing with pride.

But the deluge swept the master-minds of the Old Guard off the boards. The majestic James Eli Watson of Indiana, the epigrammatic George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire, the apostolic Reed Smoot of Utah, the semaphoric Samuel Morgan Shortridge of California, among the once mighty, go off the stage in a recessional suggestive of the retreat from Moscow.

The Republicans, what is left of them, must re-form their lines, turn to new leaders. Charles Linza McNary, of Oregon, who has long balanced agilely between Old Guarders and Wild Jackasses, falls heir to the Watsonian mantle as leader, under the sacred rule of seniority. Colonel Frederick Hale of Maine came to the Senate a little ahead of McNary fifteen years ago, but is not exactly cut out for a field-marshal. The Messrs. Borah, Norris, and Johnson likewise antedate McNary, but they are progressive prima donnas. They do not lead, neither are they led.

The Young Guard, who are of the newer generation in politics, will now have a larger voice in Republican leadership. They once revolted, led by Arthur Henrick Vandenberg, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who thus earned for himself the title of Enver Bey in memory of the Young Turks. But the revolt was short-lived. The Old Guard refused to die.

David Aiken Reed, counsel for Steel and the Mellons, and schooled in Pennsylvania fundamentalism, has the best chance of all to be the new high priest of Eastern Republicanism in the Senate, for although he once referred to the Pennsylvania voters as dunderheads and alluded to the "so-called ethics of the so-called profession" of journalism—fatal error—he has industry coupled with exceptional ability. He also has an eye on the White House lease in 1936.

W. Warren Barbour of New Jersey, the giant who succeeded that "Little Giant," the late Dwight Morrow, and miraculously salvaged the seat from the November storm, becomes one of the new spokesmen for orthodox Republicanism in the Senate. Frederic Collin Walcott, of Connecticut, banker and manufacturer; Felix Hebert, Rhode Island insurance lawyer, then a State judge; and Daniel O. Hastings, from the du Pont baronetcy of Delaware, all orthodox, inherit new responsibility for the party now that the Watson-Smoot-Moses dominion is ended.

The decimated band of Republicans in the House similarly reveals only the faithful survivors like Bertrand H. Snell, floor leader, lone remaining remnant of the old Longworth-Tilson oligarchy, a trusty who helped run the Republican convention at Chicago and was the first to begin sniping at the New Deal from the pit of the House. There is always Hamilton Fish, Jr., but he is preoccupied with ferreting out Red revolutionists. The Old Guard generals, John Q. Tilson (who resigned), Will Wood of Indiana, Willis C. Hawley, the tariff collaborator, and various others of past glory, marched off in the grand finale of the great rout.

The House stage was left peculiarly well set for the reincarnation of Jim Wadsworth. An erstwhile Senate lion stalking, however softly, through the jungles of the House is to be reckoned with. Snell will retain the title of king of the Republican menagerie, but everybody in the political zoo will keep a watchful eye on Wadsworth henceforth.

Yet beyond these passings of the old order and realignments of the new, the new faces and figures in Congress are worth the notice of those in the audience who intend to pay attention to the performance. Some reflection of what is to come may thus be detected.

In the Senate Watson of Indiana, Smoot of Utah, Moses of New Hampshire, Shortridge of California, Schuyler of Colorado (temporary substitute for the late Charles W. Waterman), Bingham of Connecticut, John Thomas of Idaho, Glenn of Illinois, Brookhart of Iowa, Oddie of Nevada, Blaine of Wisconsin, Grammer of Washington (temporary substitute for the late Wesley

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L. Jones), all Republicans, and Cohen of Georgia, Broussard of Louisiana, Hawes of Missouri, and Morrison of North Carolina, who are Democrats, are replaced respectively by Van Nuys (pronounced like niece), Elbert D. Thomas, Brown, McAdoo, Adams, Lonergan, Pope, Dieterich, Murphy, McCarran, Duffy, Bone, Russell, Overton, Clark, and Reynolds, all Democrats. To be briefly biographic, the newcomers to the Senate stage are:

Homer T. Bone, 50, a Hoosier native who migrated

BONE
(DEM., WASH.)

He boxed the political compass, did not originate bone-dry law, is labelled "Bolshevik."

to Washington; lawyer and prosecuting atttorney; once in the State Legislature; labelled "radical," mainly on the power issue, which is hot in Washington; a Bull Mooser for T. R., then just a Republican, after that a Farmer-Laborite, now a Democrat (this is some kind of a record); his explanation is: "I have never changed my principles"; indorsed by F. D. Roosevelt; branded a Bolshevik by ultra-conservatives; ran well ahead of Roosevelt, which local authorities ascribed to confusion among those Drys who thought bone-dry laws derived from his name; an irrepressible orator.

Frederick Van Nuys, 58, native Hoosier and Indianapolis lawyer; successively a prosecuting attorney, State Senator, United States District Attorney in the Wilson era; once chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee; a Democratic keynoter and spell-binder for thirty years; the junior law partner who put the late Senator Samuel Ralston in nomination for the presidency at Madison Square Garden in 1924, though he refused to stay put; a somewhat sombre, serious, chronic speech-maker who is "safe and sane," according to Mr. Watson. "And," explains Mr. Watson, "if I had to lose, I'd rather have lost to him than any other Democrat." "We're old friends. I think the world of him," appended Mr. Watson, who is old friends with everybody in Indiana, as far as that goes.

Elbert D. Thomas, 49, vanquisher of his fellow-Mormon, Mr. Smoot; native of Salt Lake City; missionary for the Latter Day Saints detailed to Japan from 1907 to 1912; traveller in Asia and Europe; then instructor in Latin and Greek at the University of Utah; professor of political science, first at the University of California, afterward at the University of Utah; head of one of Utah's biggest building and loan associations; author of a book written in Japanese, entitled "Sukui No Michi," literally, "Way of Salvation," and of "Chinese Political Thought"; the only Senator of record able to read, write, and speak Japanese; stamped "liberal," but elected on promises to out-Smoot Smoot on the tariff; this becomes more understandable in the light of his reputation among friends for a sense of humor; never before a candidate for office; his candidacy for the Senate surprised everybody, especially Smoot.

William H. Dieterich, 56, Illinois born and bred; one of the House members to ascend to the Senate; another lawyer and prosecuting attorney; first a county judge, then a specialist in inheritance tax cases; Spanish War veteran; member of the House from 1917 to 1921; returned in 1931 after a decade's interlude; delivered a speech in 1931 before the United States Civil Legion, lauding Old Glory and promising justice for war veterans, widows, and orphans and roundly denouncing "the propaganda of the forgiveness of obligations under the appellation of 'moratoriums,' 'holidays,' 'postponements,' and other soothing terms, all springing from the mother-word 'cancellation,' which word the people have come to understand and for which reason its use is carefully avoided."

William Gibbs McAdoo, 69, native of Georgia; deputy court clerk in Chattanooga; then New York lawyer, who, getting into traction affairs, was the first

MCADOO
(DEM., CAL.)

Obtained a draw in Madison Square Garden, 1924, won return bout on points, 1932.

to tunnel under the Hudson; crusader for Woodrow Wilson in the victory over Champ Clark at the Baltimore convention of 1912; Secretary of the Treasury when most of the money was loaned to Europe; referred to as the Crown Prince after his marriage to

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Eleanor Wilson in 1914; co-deadlocker with Alfred E. Smith of the Madison Square Garden convention of 1924; Los Angeles lawyer since then until the Chicago convention last year resurrected him in a blinding light—it was months before Mr. Smith recovered his sight; elected to the Senate with the help of William Randolph Hearst, against the Reverend Bob Shuler, radio revivalist, who was dry, and the wet Tallant Tubbs, who exterminated Shortridge in the Republican primaries and was supported by the organized wets who mistrusted McAdoo; promised to work for federal guarantee of bank deposits, an "adequate tariff" on oil, and collection of those war debts "dollar for dollar."

Bennett Champ Clark, 43, son of famous Champ Clark who lost the nomination to Woodrow Wilson in 1912 when Bryan espoused the Wilson side; lawyer;

CLARK
(DEM., MO.)

Son of Champ, he wrote a book defied the tariff taboo.

parliamentarian of the House, 1913 to 1917, while his father was Speaker; reputedly the youngest Colonel in the A. E. F. during the war; a founder of the Legion and former national commander; protégé of ex-Senator Jim Reed; further inspired by an able, devoted sister, Genevieve, wife of James M. Thomson, New Orleans publisher; won a three-sided primary battle which was a setback for ex-liquor dealer "Boss" Prendergast of St. Louis; won election over ex-Mayor Henry Kiel of St. Louis, Republican, by the biggest majority piled up in the last election, in proportion to population; nervily stumped for low tariffs in high tariff strongholds; wrote a scholarly life of John Quincy Adams; like Reynolds, has a seniority advantage, thanks to early side-stepping by his retiring (voluntarily) predecessor, Harry Hawes; one of the most promising of the new congressional crop.

Fred H. Brown, 53, born in Ossipee, New Hampshire; once Dartmouth's best baseball player; signed up with the Boston Nationals, but relapsed into politics; New Hampshire natives esteemed his father as a David Harum who, according to local tradition, would not give away a drink of water if it was metered; opened law office at Somersworth and slept in it; built up a political machine which elected him Mayor of Somersworth for ten terms; United States Attorney under the Wilson Administration; elected Governor in 1923; campaigned for the Senate by depicting Moses as a tool of the interests and a buddy of Samuel Insull, now of Greece; once declined appointment to the Federal Power Commission tendered in 1924 by Moses, who used to be Minister to Greece—though that has nothing to do with Greeks bearing gifts; first expert in the art of tobacco chewing to come to the Senate since the late Knute Nelson.

Robert Rice Reynolds, 47, native of Buncombe County, N. C.; not related to the tobacconists but distantly descended from Zeb Vance; played football at the University of North Carolina, captained the track team; subsequently professional wrestler, then lawyer, then globe trotter; made three trips to Europe on a cattleship; tried writing adventure tales; ran a skating rink at Baton Rouge, La.; one of the customers was Huey Long, then vending patent medicines; taught physical culture in Oklahoma and met another present Senate Colleague, Thomas P. Gore; romantically married a girl run down by a taxicab in which he was riding in New York; romance and marriage ended, settled down to law at Asheville, N. C.; elected solicitor for Asheville in 1912; resigned to run for Congress and lost; ran in the Democratic primary of 1926 against the late Senator Overman, and lost again; ran as a dripping wet last year, eliminating the pompous Senator Cameron Morrison, dry, in the Democratic primary which equalled election; landed in the Senate for the short session thereby gaining a seniority advantage over other newly-elects; dapper, and theatrical; addicted to backslapping.

James Pinckney Pope, 49, Borah's new colleague; moved from Louisiana to Boise two years after Borah came to the Senate; son of a cotton planter and eldest of twelve children; schooled in Louisiana; started out as school teacher; migrated to the University of Chicago for a law degree; took a bicycle trip through the British Isles; then to Boise and a law office; Boise's city attorney in 1916, then assistant attorney general, finally Mayor; boasts of a background of athletic prowess coupled with sophomoric debating; a spellbinder to Boise; joined the delegation of Mayors who visited France; Borah will overshadow him as completely as he eclipsed John Thomas.

Augustine Lonergan, 58, Connecticut native who went to Yale; Hartford lawyer; elected to Congress in 1913, again in 1917, re-elected in 1919, then after another gap went back to the House in 1931; perpetual candidate for the Senate since 1920, finally successful, in the late landslide, against Professor Hiram Bingham,

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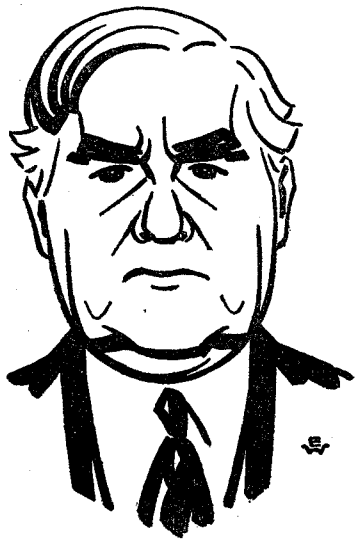
also of Yale; introduced in the House numerous pension bills; also delivered a patriotic address, subject "Nathan Hale, Revolutionary Hero," in the House last



LONERGAN
(DEM., CONN.)

In-and-outer in the House, he beat the handsome Bingham for the Senate.

June, the peroration reading: "So in this depression, we can rely upon them (the people) to courageously deal with the trying problems of the times and to solve them. The times call for patience, faith, and co-operation. Hard as it is to be without employment, to witness the efforts of a lifetime shrink or pass away, we must remember our comforts and the advantages of modern life and that we live in the greatest Nation on earth. We are fighting an economic war. Some sacrifices are necessary. The courage of America always triumphs. Let us face a rising sun and carry on with the spirit of '76. The proceedings of both branches of Congress open with prayer, giving evidence that the American people look for guidance to and place their faith in our Heavenly Father. With this belief they cannot fail"; also put in *The Congressional Record* a list of street corners where capital police erected new traffic lights.

Alva Blanchard Adams, 57, of the Colorado Adams family; schooled at Andover and Yale, topped off with law degree at Columbia; hung out a shingle at Pueblo; ran for Congress and lost; became county attorney for Pueblo, then city attorney; addicted to Democratic conventions, State and national, since 1916; Major in the Judge Advocate General's retinue during the war; appointed to the Senate in May, 1923, on the death of Senator Nicholson; arrived in time to help investigate the oil scandals and the "Ohio gang"; ran for the Senate in 1924 and lost; tried again last fall and rode in on the tidal wave; diligent, keen, popular, liberal, and rated among the better minds.

Louis Murphy, 56, native of Dubuque, Iowa, son of a journalistic father; spent twenty years in editorializing until appointed Iowa's collector of internal revenue for the entire Wilson régime; then specialized as income tax counsel for Iowa corporations; studied agrarian economics; plucked the Democratic nomination from a field of five and startled the dry natives by placarding the State with posters bearing the information, "I am against Prohibition"; by whirlwind campaigning and a 5000-mile stumping trip in six weeks first won the primary, then extinguished spectacular Henry (Himself) Field, seed seller by radio and obliterator of Brookhart, who obligingly helped Murphy by running independently; first of the Murphy clan to sit in the Senate since Senator Edward Murphy of New York back in the nineties.

John Holmes Overton, 57, Louisiana born and reared; the third House member, not counting Garner, to move over to the Senate in the New Deal; lawyer with a corporation practice; supporter of the Kingfish by whose leave he attains the Senate; echoes the Huey Long battle cry for redistribution of wealth; but not as clamorously; voted dry while filling out the term of the late Doctor James B. Aswell; went wet when elected to the House in his own right; delivered the address dedicating Louisiana's $5,000,000 new Capitol, known to architectural critics as Huey Long's silo; paid glowing tribute to the Kingfish and dwelt on the "present concentration and reconcentration of wealth in the hands of the few"; later dwelt on immortality of the soul in a memorial speech delivered in the House; warned in another House speech that "our footsteps have been directed along the great white way that leads from the Nation's Capitol to New York's Wall Street and New York's Fifth Avenue"; said to be a good man gone Long.

Richard Brevard Russell, Jr., 35, the Senate's youngest member, a distinction previously held by Robert M. La Follette, Jr.; born in Winder, Ga.; yet another lawyer; county attorney, then member of the Georgia House and its Speaker from 1927 to 1931; captured the

RUSSELL
(DEM., GA.)

Baby of the Senate, he beat Crisp on the power issue, lost to Gov. Moore on chain-gang issue.

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governorship in 1931 which his father, a "judge, orator, and publicist," narrowly missed twenty-four years ago; served in the naval reserve during the war; conspicuous for his spat with Governor Moore of New Jersey who refused to send back the much-publicized chain-gang fugitive; a marked man in the Capital as a bachelor, a rarity in the Senate.

Francis Ryan Duffy, 44, born in Wisconsin; specialized in debating and cross-country running; still another lawyer; Fond du Lac's first volunteer in the World War; discharged as a Major; commander of the Wisconsin Legion; first ventured into politics stumping the State for Roosevelt delegates to the Chicago convention; rewarded with the Democratic nomination, heretofore an empty honor but valuable this time, due largely to the solicitude of the La Follettes who helped the Democrats scalp the Red-baiting John B. Chapple for having scalped their Senator John James Blaine.

Patrick A. McCarran, 56, Reno native; lawyer for Mary Pickford in her divorce from Owen Moore; farmer and stock raiser on the side; noted as a heart-melting jury pleader; digressed from Reno long enough to be in on the Tonopah and Goldfield mining booms; succeeded Tasker Oddie as district attorney for Nye County, which is as big as New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, and Connecticut, combined; it had 210 voters before the mining boom and the District Attorney's pay was $50 a month, payable in scrip redeemable after seven years; Oddie, as a State Senator, had McCarran's pay raised to $5000 a year; Associate Justice of Nevada's Supreme Court from 1913 to 1919, with two years as Chief Justice; then back to Reno in divorce boom days; now ungratefully usurps Oddie in the Senate; labelled "radical Democrat," clamoring for recognition of Russia, low tariffs, and the forgotten man; failure of a string of banks, just before election day, furnished his final fillip for victory.

These are the sixteen dealt to the Senate. As for the House, the most notable figure, next to Wadsworth and Magnus Johnson, is the old-school veteran, Schuyler Merritt, Stamford (Conn.) lock manufacturer and banker, who was the only Republican in the last election to defeat a Democratic incumbent in Congress. Now 79, he had his revenge upon Democratic William L. Tierney who unhorsed him in 1930. He was one of ten resurrected ex-Congressmen. Among others were:

Denver S. Church, California Democrat, who was in the House from 1913 to 1919, and ousted Republican Henry E. Barbour who had occupied the seat ever since Church vacated it; John A. Martin, Pueblo, Colorado, lawyer, who began life on a Kansas farm, became a locomotive engineer, then a lawyer, and rode in on the landslide after an absence of nearly twenty years, ousting Republican Guy Hardy; Finly H. Gray, Indiana lawyer and lecturer, who returned after a fifteen-year interlude.

Thomas Brooks Fletcher, Ohio Chautauqua speaker, once editor of the rival newspaper to Warren G. Harding's *Marion Star,* author of inspirational books, one entitled *The Fine Art of Being Somebody,* another called, *How to Market Your Personality in Business,* returned to a House seat after a two-year interval, by defeating Republican Grant Earl Mouser, Jr., in another bit of revenge.

George Washington Edmonds, Philadelphia coal and lumber man, labelling himself a Progressive Republican, came back after seven years. Benjamin K. Focht, Lewisburg, Pa., editor, regained the Republican seat he held in the House from 1907 to 1913, then again from 1915 to 1923.

The typhoon swept in the House a large, varied assortment of others, from the rampageous Magnus—known as "Magnavox"—Johnson to Marion A. Zion-

JOHNSON
(F.-L., MINN.)

"Magnavox," starts up from the minor leagues again, gunning for Mr. Shipstead's position.

check, tagged as a Democrat but a Communist to Seattle's staid old liners. Naturalized just in time to be eligible for a House seat, he escapes the fate of another newly-elect, Henry Ellenbogen, Vienna-born Pittsburgh Democrat, whose final citizenship papers bear date of June 17, 1926, thus making him Constitutionally ineligible to take his seat until June 17 of this year.

Zioncheck, as a student at the University of Washington, showed early political organizing talent by rounding up undergraduates to vote for him for president of the student body. He won, to the surprise of everybody except himself, but suffered a subsequent ducking in a pond at the hands of offended upper classmen who thought him guilty of lese majesty. Seattle unemployed flocked to him after he began an experiment in barter, since widely copied, whereby some 60,000 of Seattle's idle, under his leadership, went to work clearing stump lands, making tree stumps into

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fence posts which were then traded to farmers, not for cash, but for food. He applied the same theory to berry picking. He comes to Congress the most colorful tribune of the jobless.

Monrad C. Wallgren, Bellingham, Wash., jeweller, a Norwegian who is noted as a billiard champion and teller of excruciating stories in Swedish dialect, comes to the House with Zioncheck as another seeker of a New Day. So does Knute Hill, born Peterson, a dirt farmer from the same section. Los Angeles elevated the burly 250-pound Sheriff Bill Traeger, football star of long ago, to a House seat. Red Wing, Minn., sent Farmer-Laborite F. H. Shoemaker on as its Representative though national affairs never came within his range before. Butte, Montana, contributed the new "baby" of the House in twenty-six-year-old Joseph P. Monaghan, a Democrat. Country lawyers were poured into the House hodge-podge. A man who cranked out gasoline at a filling station drew a seat. So did a few who either had no known jobs or odd ones—some quite odd.

Oklahoma triumphantly elected Will Rogers, who would still be in obscurity but for his name, which when not abbreviated for vote-catching purposes is William Cornelius Rogers, thirty-three-year-old rural school teacher. Authentic Will Rogers indorsed the plagiarist for "ingenuity." "This bird is smart," said the comedian. "In fact, he'll be plum out of place in Congress."

Oklahoma also provided a House seat for Ernest Whitworth Marland, who once struck oil, founded the $150,000,000 company that took his name, then lost it all, and is now hot against Wall Street. Texas sent on Joseph Weldon Bailey, Jr., to the House, following in the footsteps of a distinguished father. Kansas and Indiana for the first time elected women to Congress. From Hays, Kansas, comes Kathryn O'Laughlin, who took the Democratic nomination away from eight men rivals, then defeated Charles I. Sparks, Republican. She was once a bareback rider in a rodeo, then studied law and established a thriving office. Indiana elected Mrs. Virginia C. Jenckes, of Terre Haute, a widow who runs a 1000-acre farm. She defeated Fred Sampson Purnell, Republican incumbent since 1917.

WADSWORTH
(REP., N. Y.)

The stage is set for the ex-Senator's come-back. He's the Republican leader who won.

As for the rest, few have yet left indentations on any sands. They troop upon the congressional stage crowding off old familiars, a new host taking over an old citadel. They form a new cast for the next acts in the democratic drama. They have now to exhibit their talents to an audience demanding above all a show with a happy ending.

EXHORTATION

By Louise Bogan

Give over seeking bastard joy,
Nor cast for fortune's side-long look.
Indifference can be your toy;
The bitter heart can be your book.
(Its lesson torment never shook.)

In the cold heart, as on a page,
Spell out the gentle syllable,
That puts short limit to your rage
And curdles the straight fire of hell,
Compassing all, so all is well.

Read how, though passion sets in storm
And grief's a comfort, and the young
Touch at the flint when it is warm,
It is the dead we live among,
The dead given motion, and a tongue.

The dead, long trained to cruel sport
And the crude gossip of the grave;
The dead, who pass in motley sort,
Whom sun nor sufferance can save.
Face them. They sneer. Do not be brave.

Know once for all: their snare is set
Even now; be sure their trap is laid;
And you will see your lifetime yet
Come to their terms, your plans unmade,—
And be belied, and be betrayed.

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Protect the Worker

A PLEA FOR ACTION AGAINST THE CUT-THROAT WAGE TACTICS OF UNSCRUPULOUS EMPLOYERS WHO PROLONG THE DEPRESSION BY DEPLETING PURCHASING POWER

Mrs. Roosevelt, who has given of her energy and great ability for years to efforts to secure improved working conditions for labor, states the case and emphasizes the need for action. Miss Goldmark in her article brings in striking evidence to support Mrs. Roosevelt's statement. Next month SCRIBNER'S *will present an article on the plight of children today, the two million who are working and the hundreds of thousands of others forced upon the streets by the closing of schools, "Lucky to Have a Job?" by Rita S. Halle.*

The State's Responsibility For Fair Working Conditions

By Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

No matter how fair employers wish to be, there are always some who will take advantage of times such as these to lower unnecessarily the standards of labor, thereby subjecting him to unfair competition. It is necessary to stress the regulation by law of these unhealthy conditions in industry. It is quite obvious that one cannot depend upon the worker in such times as these to take care of things in the usual way. Many women, particularly, are not unionized and even unions have temporarily lowered their standards in order to keep their people at work. If you face starvation, it is better to accept almost anything than to feel that you and your children are going to be evicted from the last and the cheapest rooms which you may have been able to find and that there will be no food.

Cut after cut has been accepted by workers in their wages, they have shared their work by accepting fewer days a week in order that others might be kept on a few days also, until many of them have fallen far below what I would consider the normal and proper standard for healthful living. If the future of our country is to be safe and the next generation is to grow up into healthy and good citizens, it is absolutely necessary to protect the health of our workers now and at all times.

It has been found, for instance, in Germany, in spite of the depression and the difficulty in making wages cover good food, that sickness and mortality rates have been surprisingly low amongst the workers, probably because of the fact that they have not been obliged to work an unhealthy number of hours.

Limiting the number of working hours by law has a twofold result. It spreads the employment, thereby giving more people work, and it protects the health of the workers. Instead of keeping a few people working a great many hours and even asking them to share their work with others by working fewer days, it limits all work to a reasonable number of hours and makes it necessary to employ the number of people required to cover the work.

Refusing to allow people to be paid less than a living wage preserves to us our own market. There is absolutely no use in producing anything if you gradually reduce the number of people able to buy even the cheapest products. The only way to preserve our markets is to pay an adequate wage.

It seems to me that all fair-minded people will realize that it is self-preservation to treat the industrial worker with consideration and fairness at the present time and to uphold the fair employer in his efforts to treat his employees well by preventing unfair competition.

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The New Menace in Industry

By Josephine Goldmark

THE forces of deflation have broken down industrial standards to an extent never thought possible in the boom days.

We have, of course, known that during three years of depression business was increasingly hard pressed. Prices were falling, first slowly, then precipitously. But on the whole, during 1930 and 1931 wages were fairly well maintained. Almost suddenly, toward the close of 1932, we began to hear of a new and catastrophic fall of earnings. Nor is this fall mere hearsay, nor does it consist of isolated instances of low pay. The actual pay-check of less than 10 cents a day reproduced in a recent article by Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner of New York State, is not a single example. She quotes girls paid at 5½ cents, even 3½ cents per hour. In State after State, North and South, the responsible State agencies and the Federal Women's Bureau are publishing figures of current wages which even a year ago would have seemed incredible, fantastic.

In a recent report of Edwin S. Smith, Massachusetts Commissioner of Labor and Industries, we find that in Fall River in one of the women's garment factories, set up in abandoned textile mills, the wages of more than 50 per cent of the women and girls employed on piece work were as follows:

1 employee at 5 cents an hour.
1 employee at 6 cents an hour.
3 employees at 7 cents an hour.
2 employees at 8 cents an hour.
10 employees at 9 cents an hour.
9 employees at 10 cents an hour.
12 employees at 11 cents an hour.
10 employees at 12½ cents an hour.
13 employees at 13½ cents an hour.
18 employees at 14 cents an hour.
13 employees at 15 cents an hour.

The highest paid, at 15 cents an hour, would, had they worked the full forty-eight hours, have earned $7.20 in one week. In Baltimore, in a study of 6000 garment workers, the State Commissioner of Labor and Industries reports average wages ranging from $8.25 for a forty-hour week to $10.19 for a fifty-hour week. The Federal Women's Bureau found wages so low in a Connecticut "contract," runaway garment shop from New York, that one-half the women earned less than $4 or $5 for a full week's work. The Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry reports that in the textile and clothing industries half the women are earning less than $6.58 a week and 20 per cent of them less than $5.

These examples could be many times multiplied. They represent the cutthroat competition which the reputable and fair-minded employer is struggling against. The Fall River plants on which Commissioner Smith reports are, he says, "for the most part in charge of men of inferior business calibre who probably could not survive at all if it were not for their willingness to be entirely ruthless in exploiting labor." These substandard, "pirate," fly-by-night employers—call them what you will—operate on a very small margin, set up workshops in the suburbs of a city or in the small places where they may look for the cheapest rentals and may hope to escape detection and enforcement of any labor laws. In the present desperate need of work, labor can be obtained at any rate or no rate at all. The device of hiring "learners" for three weeks without pay, dismissing them at the end of that time and hiring others under the same pretext, thus paying literally no wages at all, is reported by Federal investigators of shops in Connecticut—an experience duplicated in many other places.

Not alone are reputable employers subjected to cutthroat competition in wages, but actually, with millions out of work, in many instances working hours are being increased. Piece workers at starvation wages or less, naturally accept, indeed clamor for, longer hours. Miss Perkins reports complaints, which she has received and on which she has prosecuted employers, of "work days of ten, eleven, and even twelve hours, work on Sunday and no day of rest. The worker who ventures to protest is reminded of the dozens of girls eager for her job or is simply 'fired.'"

The United States Women's Bureau which investigated the sewing trades in Connecticut reports undertime (less than forty hours per week) of about one-fourth of the 7631 women included in the study. At the other extreme many women were working as much as sixty or sixty-five hours per week, two of them seventy hours in the week recorded.

Indicative of the chaos which may be reached is the demoralizing record of hours reported by the Federal Women's Bureau in certain cotton mills last spring. Notwithstanding the shrinkage of the market, night

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work in South Carolina "became almost the rule rather than the exception. Out of 132 mills 98 were running a night shift. Women were working in 44 of them and the number of women was four times as great as ten years ago when the Women's Bureau made a study in South Carolina." Overproduction naturally followed. By May some of the mills were obliged to shut down entirely for one to two months. Yet even under these circumstances, when work might have been reasonably spread out, mills closing down one week in every four were still operating continuously day and night shifts.

But, it may be asked, is not any work at all better than none? With starvation imminent and relief far in arrears, surely the smallest wage helps. In single known instances of destitution do we not all tend to grasp at any straw of help, and is not the smallest wage more self-respecting for the worker than charity? Would not higher pay further reduce the narrow margin of profit, drive these employers out of business, and thus lead to more unemployment? Such questions often heard show how subtly the depression has undermined our standards, how panic has invaded our thinking in the industrial as well as in the financial field. A symptom of such public panic is shown by an instance from the records of the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry. In various small communities, it appears, the Chamber of Commerce has paid a sum ranging from $1000 to $2500 to bring manufacturers to its community. No guarantee is required of stability of employment or conditions or wages paid. One manufacturer of suitcases was induced to come, remained seven weeks "without paying one cent of wages to any of the people whom it employed, and then absconded, not leaving even a paper suitcase in the community."

In another case a Chamber of Commerce paid $2500 to bring in a shirt factory which paid an average wage of about $3 a week. "After two or three months in the community they were persuaded to go about three counties away for another $2500, and they are now flourishing there at the same low rate of pay."

Far from being tolerated, it should be clear as day that wages such as those cited are defensible from no point of view whatever. They do far more injury than merely defrauding the workers. They do far more injury than increasing the burden of relief in the community in which they operate. In many instances relief organizations are today forced to supplement the wages of full-time workers for mere living, thus, in effect, subsidizing the pirate employer. But far more serious and more far-reaching is the damage done. It forces the enlightened and conscientious employer to cut down likewise. And, disastrous as this situation is to the whole employed class, it is even more disastrous for industry itself: it deliberately destroys its own market. If there is one economic fact in our present chaos in which theorists and practical business men are in agreement it is the crucial importance of *purchasing power*. To the reputable and enlightened employer an ever-expanding market is the essential, the *sine qua non;* cutting costs is secondary.

In the boom days the pre-eminent need of the expanding market was impressed on us all by the jargon of "breaking down sales resistance." It was the reason for that abomination, high-powered salesmanship, and our orgy of advertising, persuading people to buy what they do not want. Add to this need of expanding markets for prosperous industry the fact that 50 per cent of our national buying is done by people of incomes of less than $2000, and the widespread, insidious and incalculable harm done by the destruction of purchasing power leaps to the eye and the mind. In a word, it destroys prosperity at its source. It dries up the very springs of renewal.

That consumers themselves, in any considerable numbers, should seek to combat the abrupt fall of wages by refusing to purchase sweated goods, it is idle, under the present stringency, to expect. Moreover, consumers have no means of distinguishing sweated goods from products made under better conditions, since the price fall of all commodities has been so great.

In various instances a determined effort has been made to get employers by voluntary agreements to maintain decent working conditions. Sometimes such a voluntary arrangement has guaranteed maintenance of wages, sometimes a reasonable restriction of hours. Thus, a group of over 100 candy manufacturers has during the past four years, in return for a place on the White List widely advertised by the Consumers' League, actually maintained a $14 minimum wage and good hygienic conditions in their factories. But by the fall of 1932, the failure of a substantial number of employers to live up to the agreement and their sharp reduction of wages broke up the White List.

Similarly, by a gentleman's agreement among textile manufacturers, adopted in March, 1931, the employment of women at night was to be abandoned. Again, the failure of a recalcitrant minority to keep the agreement and the renewed night running of mills have interfered with the effectiveness of this plan to curb a highly injurious industrial practice.

Voluntary agreements thus break down precisely at the time when they are most vitally needed. This is, as is well known, no new phenomenon. It is an old story. The unfair competition of the worst employers has always had to be combated by their enlightened competitors, and one of the main benefits of laws setting a reasonable workday is the protection it affords to the

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conscientious, far-seeing manufacturer and merchant.

"I am convinced today that decent industry needs help from law, which it never required before," said Mr. George W. Alger, from his experience as impartial chairman in the cloak-and-suit industry. "If industry admits that this type of profitless manufacturing and almost profitless selling of essential merchandise is a process over which they have no control, that they can do no more than say they are sorry for the starved workers but can do nothing about it; if we have this complete confession of incapacity on the part of industry itself to mitigate these fearful conditions, where else can we go but to the law?"

The National Consumers' League has, therefore, taken the lead in urging the establishment, in as many States as possible, of Labor Standards Committees which shall work for two immediate ends: legislation for women establishing the eight-hour day and forty-four-hour week in industry, and providing wage boards that shall set a minimum below which wages may not fall.

None of the States now provides for women such minimum protection of hours and wages. Forty-three of the States have some legislation limiting women's hours of employment. In none is there a weekly limit as low as forty-four hours. Only a very few have the eight-hour day, which in some instances, as in New York, is invalidated by exceptions for overtime, or else covers so few occupations that only a very small proportion of working women is affected.

Further, since enforcement is the key of the problem, a determined effort is to be made to protect the budgets of the labor departments. Already false economy is cutting down appropriations which will handicap factory inspection and law enforcement. No economy in the end could be more costly. For the modern labor department, to which greater freedom of administration is given than of old, aims not only to find violations of the many provisions of the labor laws, but to enlist the co-operation and aid of far-sighted employers in formulating detailed labor codes, and rules of procedure. They are growing to be not merely restrictive but also, essentially, educative bodies.

The movement for minimum-wage boards in this country suffered a set-back when the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Adkins case, held unconstitutional the minimum-wage law for women employed in the District of Columbia. But with the new and unprecedented breakdown of wage relations in the sweated trades, a new act, it is hoped, may be framed, based on the Adkins decision. While such an act must furnish all the safeguards indicated by the court as needed to obviate arbitrary wage determinations, it must yet afford a method of working out fair and reasonable wages. Such wage determinations must obviously have the force of law behind them so as to guarantee uniform observance to protect both employers and workers. Experience with non-mandatory wage laws, as in Massachusetts, shows that, like voluntary agreements between employers, they are least observed during time of stringency.

In Great Britain, on the other hand, there are in operation today a considerable number of trades boards authorized by law to set minimum wages for both men and women in different industries. Since 1909, when the Trades Boards Act was first adopted, the number of trades covered has grown from 3 to 45, and their work has been a genuine force in maintaining at least a minimum rate of pay.

In the United States men in the great organized trades have succeeded, in the past, in obtaining for themselves shortened working hours and good wages by collective bargaining. But neither can be obtained by the great body of unorganized men without the help of law. For men and women will "work for anything now." Obviously some way must be found, by constitutional amendment if necessary, to give the States freedom to protect *all* their citizens from intolerable conditions of labor.

One of the worst aspects of industrial exploitation has been its effect in sapping the initiative, the mental and moral resourcefulness of the workers. Not revolution but apathy and the loss of self-respect are what we have most cause to fear.

To many persons the breakdown of our capitalist system seems so imminent if not actual, the leadership of business minds to have been so catastrophic, that they see hope only in a complete reorganization of society. Like Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates in the January SCRIBNER'S, they see it written in the present debacle that not social control but social ownership is the only way out. They are thoroughly impatient of further tinkering. An immediate programme so seeming slight as that adopted by the National Consumers' League and urged for immediate action in all the States can, for them, command no enthusiasm or even acquiescence.

But whatever our ultimate destination, social control or social ownership, the persistence of the present chaos and its toleration would not seem to be furthering any helpful programme. Now, more than ever, when our present leadership has led us so far astray, there is need of common counsel and the kind of intelligent group action which is slowly developing in some of our communities where people have given serious thought to their still existing, still fruitful resources. Sustaining the best practices in employment and curbing the worst by legislation should be an immediate programme and should provide the basis for further action.

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Is There a Crisis in Our Foreign Policy?

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

Fearless leadership and adroit political strategy on the part of Mr. Roosevelt are necessary to formulate a policy to deal with the troublesome inter-governmental debts and the dangerous Japanese situation.

Of all the mean and thorny problems awaiting Governor Roosevelt's attention when he enters the White House the one requiring whatever of courage, initiative, and sagacity he possesses will be the formulation of a policy for readjustment of the tangled mess of politico-economic compromises we call the "international (more accurately, the intergovernmental) debts"—that is, the whole range of reparations agreements, conditional renunciations, debt-funding treaties, and half-hearted moratoria, legacies of the war, which are working like so many cancerous growths to make a sick world sicker.

This is the most vital problem confronting the country today, and perhaps the most baffling ever inherited by a new administration. The manner of its settlement will shape our foreign policy for the next four years. And no matter what ground Roosevelt takes, he must antagonize large groups in both the major parties. Indeed, it seems likely that he will have to depend for any debt legislation he asks of Congress upon a coalition in both Houses, which could not be mobilized and held together except by a combination of fearless leadership and adroit political strategy. The bare idea of transferring to the shoulders of the American people some additional portion, large or small, of the eleven billions borrowed by European governments sends a cold shiver down the spine of every Congressman.

There is, as a matter of fact, very little comprehension, even in Congress, of the tremendous importance of the rôle played by the international debts in the general world situation. But in the opinion of many Republican and Democratic statesmen, bankers, economists, and industrial leaders, they have become the major factor in prolonging the depression which has fastened its grip upon every country, while their political ramifications have created centres of unrest in Europe and the Far East which are constant threats to the maintenance of world peace. One of the wisest men I know said the other day that he considered the Japanese adventure in Manchuria to hold far more elements of danger than were seething under the surface in Europe in June, 1914. Japan would never have embarked upon this enterprise, which is straining her resources to the breaking-point, if her militarists hadn't calculated that the Western nations, and notably the United States, were too preoccupied with their own financial troubles to interfere with her. And these troubles would have been minimized long ago, according to men who advise the new President, but for the dislocation of international trade growing out of the policy of isolation pursued by the United States for the past twelve years, itself largely a product of our national unwillingness to realize that we could not collect the money due us if we made it impossible for our debtors to pay us in kind. It is no exaggeration to say that wherever you address your attention to the tortured fabric of civilization you find the virus of the debts sapping at the tissues of the world's economy.

There are two main policies we can adopt toward our share of them: we can assert ourselves unyielding creditors, insisting upon the last penny legally due us—there is no question about our legal rights; or we can develop some compromise, obtaining whatever compensations we consider of value in return for a partial surrender of our claims. It is this second course which Roosevelt's advisors have urged him to accept as the most practical. Just how he proposes to go about it he hasn't revealed, aside from the indication contained in his exchange of telegrams with Hoover last December that he prefers to deal separately with each of the debtor governments, and to employ individual representatives rather than a commission of Congressmen, diplomats, and experts, such as Hoover seemed to prefer. In adopting this stand he followed the advice of Colonel House, whose experiences as an independent negotiator naturally influenced his views, in preference to Owen D. Young's —Young agreed with the Hoover conception of a bulky fact-finding body, with indeterminate powers of negotiation, to be put to work at once. A striking difference in fundamental theory, implying concentra-

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tion of responsibility upon individuals, instead of groups, and promising quicker and more elastic results, likewise assuring to the President complete control over the conversations at every stage.

This is the Wilsonian idea of leadership, and with a tractable Congress it works beautifully, especially if you have a Woodrow Wilson in the White House. But Roosevelt hasn't yet proved himself another Wilson, willing to look ahead farther than the bulk of his party, content to accept the political risks of the moment in order to attain a goal beyond ordinary vision. If he possesses this quality he should be able to put through a workmanlike settlement of the debts. If he hasn't it, he probably will have to be content with one term in office, and the rest of us won't be any happier next winter than we are this. It is fair, however, to add that he showed a degree of courage in his exchange with Hoover, in refusing to commit himself to participation with the Republican administration in the launching of a preliminary survey of the situation. Wall Street was anxious to have him yield on this point because the big banks thought that the bare announcement of such a survey would have a healthy psychological reaction, at home and abroad, and he was subjected to a certain amount of pressure. The fact that he resisted, at the cost of placing himself in the position of refusing co-operation, shows that he has confidence in himself and an idea of what he wants.

As I have said, he hasn't directly indicated the character of the policy he contemplates, but it is possible, through information variously acquired, to forecast its rough outlines. Nobody, of course, expects us to surrender any portion of the debts without compensation in some form or other, and that compensation can be obtained in several ways—through a lowering of tariff barriers, which must be mutual; through an acceleration of disarmament; through an easing of the tension prevailing in Europe; and through support of our Far Eastern policy by our European debtors, who have been showing a suspicious coldness toward it since we insisted upon the December 15 payments. In any case, and regardless of the terms reached, one thing may be taken for granted: the new administration will abandon the policy of isolation which has been practised for twelve years by the last three Republican administrations, and which various advisors of Roosevelt blame for the severity of the depression and its complicated aftermath. Their view is that we tried this doctrine of "normalcy," and it didn't work, any more than did its chief tool, the Smoot-Hawley tariff.

Consider first, then, the relation of the intergovernmental debts to tariff barriers. When we first funded the debts some years ago, giving very generous terms to all our former Allies, and especially to France, the payments due annually amounted to upwards of $270,000,000. Neither we nor our debtors contemplated at the time that these payments should be made in gold. We all very blandly took it for granted—if we thought about it at all—that they would come to us via the usual media of commercial exchange, in the shape of special services rendered or in goods in kind, which meant that Europe would have to sell us, roundly, $270,000,000 more a year than we sold her. But once having taken this for granted, we proceeded to enact a tariff which made it impossible for Europe to carry any balance of trade against us.

We were in the position of paying people to trade with us, having refused them an opportunity to earn the money with which to pay us out of their own pockets. No nation, however prosperous, could continue indefinitely a system so radically defiant of natural economic laws, and when last year we refused to extend the Hoover moratorium or to lend a sum equivalent to what was owed us, our debtors were obliged to choose between defaulting and shipping us gold. Their several choices are a matter of record.

Now, so far as Roosevelt has committed himself with regard to the tariff, he has—to use a phrase coined by his most distinguished relative—"pussyfooted." He was extremely timid, vague, not to say disingenuous, in his discussions of it during the campaign. But there is reason to believe that he is not as antipathetical as might be supposed to the opinions of such revisionists as Newton D. Baker and Colonel House, who boldly maintain that wholesale reductions in duties, in exchange for similar preferential treatment, plus definite commitments for quotas of American goods as compensation for debt revision, would be bound to stimulate a flow of world trade which would boost our commerce and revenues to a point which would make the concessions profitable. The theory of this group, in a nutshell, is that the country can afford to assume a considerable portion of Europe's governmental debts, providing trade is restored. And by this they do not mean merely the export trade. Give the American farmer and mechanic an outlet for their produce, they say, and their wages will rise, and consequently, the amounts they can spend in the domestic market.

To quote a non-political observer, Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank:

"The argument does not rest upon the question of our *rights*. Everybody knows that our rights are written in the contract. The argument rests on our *interests*. Even if we could collect the 260 or 270 millions a year from our foreign debtors, of what use would it be if it perpetuates a world disorder, which, reacting on ourselves, reduces our own tax receipts by two billions or more a year? How does that help our own taxpayers?

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A settlement, generous on our part, which clears the thing up once and for all, would be a stroke of 'good business' of absolutely first rank. . . . I am satisfied that, if we forthwith reduced our tariffs, the immediate effect would be a great upswing in our economic situation. . . . I am satisfied that the first effect would be a great upswing in farm products and raw materials. . . . Stocks of raw materials, stocks of imported foods, are very low in Europe today."

The most controversial topic in American politics. Many Congressmen, Democrats as well as Republicans, maintain that a low tariff would glut our markets with cheap products, with a consequent increase in unemployment; and to substantiate their claim they point to England, the last great, free-trade country, which has just gone protectionist. Nevertheless, the fact remains that exaggerated tariffs the world over have stifled international trade to an extent where they have become as serious a menace to world peace as unrestricted armaments, a similar outgrowth of the wave of nationalistic sentiment which swept every country after it became apparent that the network of post-war treaties had failed to create a permanent or satisfactory reorganization of Western civilization. And do not forget that the United States was the first of the Great Powers after the war to withdraw within the circle of its own interests, repudiate the League of Nations—the first stumbling effort to harmonize the world's antagonisms, erect an impassable tariff barrier, and announce that it would have no more to do with "abroad."

The one thing that can be said for this country is that it has been a little more honest than the other Powers in seeking to implement disarmament—very largely, of course, because we are not so exposed as the others who have been haggling and bargaining this past year at Geneva. Still, our hands are reasonably clean. If we have pursued our own selfish interests in insisting upon our need of 35,000-ton battleships, 10,000-ton flying-deck cruisers and aircraft carriers of wide cruising range, we can also point to the circumstance that, alone of the principal Naval Powers, we have not pushed to build our fleet up to the limits allowed us. In addition to which our representatives at recent conferences have sought diligently to explore means of curtailing offensive armaments on land. It is not our fault, probably, that we haven't achieved more, but it will be our fault if we cannot use the lever of the intergovernmental debts to persuade Europe and Japan to drastic reductions in certain types of armaments. Nevertheless it is only fair to add that the advantages to be gained from honest curtailment of armaments would be psychological rather than financial: the fixed annual sums pared from budgets would be comparatively trivial beside the stimulus to the peoples concerned of realization that the Powers were willing to give such unmistakable pledges to refrain from offensive action.

Consideration of disarmament opens up the entire field of international relations in their political aspect, where most of the dangers lie. The plague-spots in Europe are bad enough, but so far as we are immediately involved the situation precipitated by Japan in China is immeasurably graver. And for this Japan is not alone to blame. She is the most economically sensitive of all the Great Powers because, in a strictly material sense, she is the poorest. The first tremors of any economic upheaval are always registered on the exchanges of Tokio and Osaka. She has suffered to date more than any other industrial country, notwithstanding an increase in exports last year after she went off the gold standard and the yen sank to less than half its par value; but this is at best a spurious form of prosperity which cannot continue indefinitely. Very few Americans realize that at the time of the Shanghai adventure in the fall of 1931 she was obliged to export to us within a few months $250,000,000 in gold, more than half of her reserves, which are now down to approximately $215,000,000, a small margin of safety for a highly organized industrial nation, with a population of 70,000,000. The Japanese are a proud people. It is not unnatural that they should resent the fact, particularly when they look back to 1921 when the reserves of the Bank of Japan were close to $1,100,000,000.

Despite a favorable trade balance for 1932, the first in years, the country is in a bad way financially. The budget for this year is 70 per cent above revenue, no more taxes can be levied and a foreign loan is impossible—efforts to raise one in New York have been denied for obvious reasons for the past year and a half, and propositions put forward in Paris have been used by the French Government as a tentative weapon against us in the controversy over the war debts, an interesting sidelight on the psychology of our former ally. The truth is that the Manchurian expedition is draining Japan's resources to the limit. The fighting services have increased their demands to almost 1,000,000,000 yen; they will absorb 40 per cent of the budget, if pensions be included.

It seems reasonable to believe that the militarists would not have been able to stampede the country into an effort which has earned the disapproval of liberal sentiment everywhere, incurring the risk of disciplinary measures by the League of Nations, had it not been for the grinding effects of the depression upon the people. Internal conditions have been unstable for several years. The Chinese boycott made heavy inroads on industry, and there has been a considerable spread of Commu-

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nism, hand in hand with which has developed a remarkable nationalistic movement, tinged by Fascism and terrorism, and distinguished particularly by propaganda exhorting the people to abjure Western customs and methods, and return to the old-fashioned ways of their ancestors—in everything but warfare. In the meantime, the progressive liberal movement, which had been making great strides since the war, has been smothered.

But who are we, to point the finger of scorn? There is no need for hypocrisy. Our Chinese policy always has been intelligently selfish. China is the world's next great undeveloped market. It is a market not to be despised today, although it is racked by a dozen civil wars and revolutions and Communist uprisings. China sent us this past year nearly $35,000,000 in gold to redress an unfavorable trade-balance, and I maintain that a country in her plight which can do that, a country, moreover, which is not even on the gold standard, is a market worth reckoning upon. Evidently that was the idea which animated our State Department in pressing as vigorously as they did a Chinese policy which has brought us closer than is usually appreciated to the verge of a rupture with Japan. It is also one reason why Japan resents so bitterly our intervention. China is next door to her, she argues; we are on the opposite side of the world. She is poor; we are rich. With innumerable other markets available to us, why should we begrudge her the satisfaction of whittling herself a sizable slice of North China? Hasn't she solemnly pledged herself to maintain the Open Door? And if we persist in being so discourteous as to imply doubt of that pledge, we can't deny that the vast bulk of South China, swarming with a population of hundreds of millions, remains outside the Japanese sphere of influence. More than a fair division, according to the Japanese point of view.

As the situation rests, Japan holds the practical advantage. She has defied the League of Nations and the United States, continued her penetration of Manchuria to the Russian frontier, announced her intention of occupying the neighboring province of Jehol and early in the new year ousted the Chinese garrison from Shanhaikwan, at the seaward end of the Great Wall, thus placing her troops in position, if necessary, to invade South China and seize Tientsin and Peiping. To counterbalance these successes, however, she finds herself politically and—in a sense—economically isolated, the single result achieved by the opposition of the United States, for, while our debtors have been unwilling actively to support our policy, they have hesitated to arraign themselves against us, not alone because they hope in the long run to drive a bargain with us, but because the main weight of world opinion is on our side. If it were not for the corollary fact that, thanks to the deliberate policy of the last three Republican administrations, the United States likewise is in a position of political, if not economic, isolation, we might be able to bring such a pressure of international sentiment to bear upon Japan as to induce her to an equitable compromise of her difficulties with China.

It is this which makes the situation so dangerous. Two nations, isolated by force of their own policies and brought into opposition with one another by mutually antagonistic ambitions, are ripe for trouble; and I intend no reflection upon Japan when I add that she is in a much touchier mood than the United States. She has more at stake, and she appreciates, if we do not, that our isolation can be terminated at any moment by a series of diplomatic moves which would place her in a position where the most she could expect would be perfunctory concessions to "save her face" in the Oriental tradition. This would be sufficiently annoying to a responsible parliamentary ministry, but when it is recollected that she is being governed, in effect, by the army and navy, backed by a radically patriotic terrorist organization, and that the Chinese economic boycott, the ostensible excuse for her military operations outside of Manchuria, threatens to cripple her under-nourished industrial structure, the hostility caused by our attitude can readily be understood. Here is every opportunity for one of those "incidents" which periodically upset the international apple-cart. The best evidence to the contrary, perhaps, is that American bankers and business men, who are in touch with Japan, agree with Japanese financiers, industrialists, and shipping-men, who protest that a positive break between the two countries is unthinkable. But, then, it should be remembered that business and finance have less to say in Japanese affairs than at any time for a generation. It was the politicians, acting under military dictatorship, and not the business men, who committed the country to a drastic policy of inflation.

At this writing Roosevelt has given little more indication of his projected foreign policy than he has of the other related policies which must play their share in the settlement of the debts problem; but if he listens to the Elder Statesmen of his party, who adhere to the Wilsonian doctrine of the interdependency of nations, including the United States, he will strike loose from the negative formulas of the three preceding administrations and throw the country's prestige into the scales in favor of a positive effort to heal the plague-spots in Europe and Asia. There is every reason to suppose that he will do so, short of his spoken word, and it is probable that he will approach the matter slowly, in order to prepare public opinion in advance. For instance, it is quite certain that he has no intention of applying at short notice for membership in the League. His more likely course will be to adopt a more forth-

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right mechanism of co-operation with the League, employing its services where they can be of use to us, lending it our help whenever that should prove of joint advantage, so that gradually our interests may become more closely identified with it. If the new administration ever does apply for membership it will be because the American people have become convinced of the expediency of such a step. As for the men still living who urged Wilson to accept the Lodge reservations to the Covenant as a cheap price to pay for membership, they have never lost their faith in the League's efficacy, providing, always, that the United States participates at Geneva—the United States and Russia.

Mention of Russia introduces the question of recognition of the Soviets, which hooks up, directly and indirectly, with the debts problem. The Soviets inherited from the old Imperial Government an obligation for war loans advanced by us, and while nobody expects these to be collected they provide a bargaining point in negotiations leading to recognition. I believe a realistic view of the international situation will lead the Roosevelt administration to approach recognition with an open mind. The bogey of Communism is laid in this country—or in any country which could support the conditions of the past year without a resort to violence. And if we still cherish a distaste for Russia's social philosophy there are several concrete reasons why we should refuse to allow it to prejudice our judgment in the case—faith in the durability of our own institutions, to begin with; the wholesome reaction of any positive, as opposed to a negative, policy upon general conditions; the creation of a wider market for our manufactures; and for the time being, at any rate, the important consideration that our interests coincide with Russia's as regards Japan's imperialistic aims in China. It will not make the militarists at Tokio any more comfortable or strengthen their hold on their people, if simultaneously with our creation of a Western European bloc to support our insistence upon the Open Door we resume relations with Moscow.

Intelligent handling of the debt negotiations will assure us such a bloc. Italy is with us, in any case, because of her jealousy of France; Germany will support us out of self-interest; England will be eager to back us in return for concessions on her annuities. Remains France. Roosevelt is going to have a disagreeable time, in the first place, driving a bargain with her, and in the second place, persuading Congress to agree to any remissions whatsoever, unless the French Ministry should be able to bring their own Chamber to assent to the payment due last December. There is a widespread feeling of resentment against France—a majority of Americans, in and out of Congress, sincerely believe that she deliberately raided our gold reserves a year ago; they see, too, that the reserves of the Bank of France are proportionately higher than our own; they are conscious of the extraordinarily generous terms we made with her when the original debt was funded, much more generous than in the case of England; they remember how she balked over assenting to the original Hoover Moratorium; and they decline to see why the fact that Germany has been bled white by reparations payments should have any connection with debts France contracted with us.

But there is a reverse to this aspect of the situation. Although the French people are much more heavily taxed than ours, at least twice as heavily, their government, like ours, has a mounting deficit, and, whether we agree with them or not, they have been led to believe that their debt to us would be financed out of reparations. Furthermore, the swollen reserves of the Bank of France are of no more use to French business, so long as the present defeatist psychology pervades the business world, than the heaps of lazy gold in the vaults of our Treasury and Federal Reserve Banks are to ours. Everywhere business is afraid—it isn't sure of what. An officer of one of our banks told me that the first of the year found it with $250,000,000 of excess, idle credits available, and no outlet to put them to work. The same is equally true in France. It isn't for lack of money that factories are closed down and farmers cannot sell their produce. The malaise is psychological. Dismiss this fear, wipe out the jealousies which antagonize nations—Germany's sullen resentment of French domination, France's morbid unwillingness to permit Germany to recover her ancient stature, all the minor plague-spots which are, to some extent, the result of the abnormal relations of these two nations—and the wheels of industry will begin to spin again.

Europe, according to her lights, already has got to work on the problem. The Experts' Committee of the World Economic Conference, summoned by Premier MacDonald, met in Geneva January 9, with two American members, to prepare the agenda for the Conference; the Standstill Committee on German bank credits, with American bankers participating, met in Berlin the end of the month to work out a plan to loosen the checks on reliably stable institutions. But nothing of any moment can be accomplished until the United States takes the lead, as is its right as creditor, in scheming an equitable readjustment of the debts.

This will be Roosevelt's first job as President, and men who admire him believe that he will stand or fall by his handling of it. Should he succeed in evolving a compromise reasonably satisfactory to all, and therefore workable, it is predicted that he will go down in history as one of the greatest men who ever sat in the White House. If he doesn't— Well, best draw the veil.

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A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

The first of three stories by the author of "Death in the Afternoon" and "A Farewell to Arms."

By Ernest Hemingway

It was late and every one had left the café except an old man who sat in the shadow the leaves of the tree made against the electric light. In the daytime the street was dusty, but at night the dew settled the dust and the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. The two waiters inside the café knew that the old man was a little drunk, and while he was a good client they knew that if he became too drunk he would leave without paying, so they kept watch on him.

"Last week he tried to commit suicide," one waiter said.

"Why?"

"He was in despair."

"What about?"

"Nothing."

"How do you know it was nothing?"

"He has plenty of money."

They sat together at a table that was close against the wall near the door of the café and looked at the terrace where the tables were all empty except where the old man sat in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind. A girl and a soldier went by in the street. The street light shone on the brass number on his collar. The girl wore no head covering and hurried beside him.

"The guard will pick him up," one waiter said.

"What does it matter if he gets what he's after?"

"He had better get off the street now. The guard will get him. They went by five minutes ago."

The old man sitting in the shadow rapped on his saucer with his glass. The younger waiter went over to him.

"What do you want?"

The old man looked at him. "Another brandy," he said.

"You'll be drunk," the waiter said. The old man looked at him. The waiter went away.

"He'll stay all night," he said to his colleague. "I'm sleepy now. I never get into bed before three o'clock. He should have killed himself last week."

The waiter took the brandy bottle and another saucer from the counter inside the café and marched out to the old man's table. He put down the saucer and poured the glass full of brandy.

"You should have killed yourself last week," he said to the deaf man. The old man motioned with his finger. "A little more," he said. The waiter poured on into the glass so that the brandy slopped over and ran down the stem into the top saucer of the pile. "Thank you," the old man said. The waiter took the bottle back inside the café. He sat down at the table with his colleague again.

"He's drunk now," he said.

"He's drunk every night."

"What did he want to kill himself for?"

"How should I know?"

"How did he do it?"

"He hung himself with a rope."

"Who cut him down?"

"His niece."

"Why did they do it?"

"Fear for his soul."

"How much money has he got?"

"He's got plenty."

"He must be eighty years old."

"Anyway I should say he was eighty."

"I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?"

"He stays up because he likes it."

"He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me."

"He had a wife once too."

"A wife would be no good to him now."

"You can't tell. He might be better with a wife."

"His niece looks after him."

"I know. You said she cut him down."

"I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing."

"Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him."

"I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who must work."

The old man looked from his glass across the square, then over at the waiters.

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"Another brandy," he said, pointing to his glass. The waiter who was in a hurry came over.

"Finished," he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunken people or foreigners. "No more tonight. Close now."

"Another," said the old man.

"No. Finished." The waiter wiped the edge of the table with a towel and shook his head.

The old man stood up, slowly counted the saucers, took a leather coin purse from his pocket and paid for the drinks, leaving half a peseta tip.

The waiter watched him go down the street, a very old man walking unsteadily but with dignity.

"Why didn't you let him stay and drink?" the unhurried waiter asked. They were putting up the shutters. "It is not half-past two."

"I want to go home to bed."

"What is an hour?"

"More to me than to him."

"An hour is the same."

"You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a bottle and drink at home."

"It's not the same."

"No it is not," agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?"

"Are you trying to insult me?"

"No, hombre, only to make a joke."

"No," the waiter who was in a hurry said; rising from pulling down the metal shutters. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older waiter said. "You have everything."

"And what do you lack?"

"Everything but work."

"You have everything I have."

"No. I have never had confidence and I am not young."

"Come on. Stop talking nonsense and lock up."

"I am of those who like to stay late at the café," the older waiter said. "With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."

"I want to go home and into bed."

"We are of two different kinds." the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be some one who needs the café."

"Hombre, there are bodegas open all night long."

"You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant café. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves."

"Good night," said the younger waiter.

"Good night," the other said. Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It is the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was nada y pues nada y nada y pues nada. Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we nada our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.

"What's yours?" asked the barman.

"Nada."

"Otro loco mas," said the barman and turned away.

"A little cup," said the waiter.

The barman poured it for him.

"The light is very bright and pleasant but the bar is unpolished," the waiter said.

The barman looked at him but did not answer. It was too late at night for conversation.

"You want another copita?" the barman asked.

"No, thank you," said the waiter and went out. He disliked bars and bodegas. A clean, well-lighted café was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

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Karl Marx — The Myth and the Man

By Max Nomad

Author of "Rebels and Renegades"

Fifty years ago Karl Marx died. Today there is a well-established Marxian myth, but the man himself is almost unknown. This is the first of several biographical studies which SCRIBNER'S *will publish during the year.*

His picture has become an icon in the homes of millions of radical workers and intellectuals. Socialists and communists, whether following the strict party lines or belonging to some "heretical" group; anarchists and syndicalists, old factional scores notwithstanding, all bow with respect and admiration before those striking features of an apostle and philosopher. The high forehead, the broad face, the powerful mane and the flowing beard of that remarkable head did not sit well upon the disproportionate, undersized body, subject to continuous ailments. Nor were the qualities of his soul on a par with his mind. But that gigantic brain which embraced all the achievements of German philosophy, English economic science, and French revolutionary theory, has lavishly fructified millions of human intellects—not excepting those who were to oppose him either as too extreme or as too moderate.

He was born on May 5, 1818, in the Rhenish city of Treves. At that time Germany was enjoying the first years of her "liberation" from the French yoke. Napoleon's continental blockade, which barred the entrance of British manufactured goods, had helped to develop Germany's industries and to foster a class of prosperous manufacturers and merchants. However, the Prussian junkers, while forced to make some concessions to the peasantry, did not let their power slip from their hands. With the example of France before their eyes, the middle classes grumbled and sulked. But even more sullen and dissatisfied were the educated lower middle classes which were altogether excluded from any participation in the management of their country's affairs.

The family in which Karl Marx was born was not included in that group of malcontents. A prosperous and highly cultured lawyer, Marx's father belonged to that universally known category of "better-class" Jews, who in every country seem to feel grateful to the powers that be for no longer treating them as they did during the Crusades, the Inquisition, and the occasional temperamental outbursts of later centuries as well. He was a Prussian patriot, and in order to escape the ostracism and the odium to which his people were subjected, particularly in the Rhine region, he had accepted the Protestant faith when his son Karl was seven years old. That was, in the famous expression once coined by Heine, his and his son's "admission ticket to European civilization."

The French revolution of 1830 which overthrew the restored Bourbons and established the rule of high finance, the uppermost section of the middle classes, encouraged the malcontent elements of the German educated classes. But the régime of the Holy Alliance was still very strong in the rest of Eu-

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rope, and the rebellious elements among the students, teachers, and journalists were brutally reduced to silence and submission. Unable to overcome the forces of reaction in the political field, the younger generation found a sublimation for its seemingly hopeless revolutionary aspirations in a radicalism transferred to the realm of the pure spirit.

The world of German thought was at that time dominated by the philosophy of Hegel. It was a peculiar system constituting a logical miracle; it was accepted by conservatives and progressives alike, either of whom could read into it their own desires and interpretations. The latter hailed it as a sort of theory of evolution. All phenomena carried their own negation within themselves; out of this negation a new entity would develop according to the pattern: thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. But at the same time each phenomenon was necessary, inevitable, so long as it existed—for, to use Hegel's words, "what is rational is real, and what is real is rational." Which was in fact a justification of every *status quo* and quite naturally made Hegel the official philosopher of Prussian junkerdom of a hundred years ago.

The younger generation, the dissatisfied, struggling scholars, professors, and journalists, tried to evolve Hegel's philosophy to the left, and give it an anti-religious, and in some more radical cases an anti-idealistic, materialistic interpretation. That was as far as they would go.

Young Marx, and with him a number of more energetic and daring intellectuals, had the courage to pass from a merely philosophical radicalism to an actual struggle against the existing reaction. Having completed his studies at the universities of Bonn and Berlin, his ambition had been to enter upon the academic career as professor of his favorite subject—philosophy. But the reactionary wind then blowing in governmental spheres thwarted the hopes of all those who had launched upon a more radical interpretation of the master philosopher of the day. Marx turned to journalism, and once in contact with actual life he came to the conclusion that "up to now the philosophers have interpreted the world; it is, however, necessary to change it."

Marx's first venture in "changing the world" was his connection with a liberal daily published in Cologne, the capital of the Prussian Rhine province. Under his editorship the *Rheinische Zeitung* vigorously attacked the various manifestations of Prussian reaction. As a result, the paper was suppressed and the young philosopher, frustrated in his academic and journalistic ambitions, shook the dust of his country from his feet.

Up to that time Marx's political opinions did not greatly differ from those of his educated middle-class contemporaries. A radical democrat, he yearned to realize the ideal of all his cultured countrymen: the unification of all German lands under a system of political democracy that would curb the influence of the feudal nobility.

EXPATRIATE

In Paris, where he arrived in 1843, he found himself surrounded by a cultural atmosphere altogether different from that of Cologne and Berlin. Hegel and all the philosophical problems agitating the bright scions of the German middle classes were entirely unknown to the French counterparts of the German intelligentsia. However, the intellectual life of the country was dominated by a maze of political theories, all of which were opposed to the existing social system. These theories were then known under the common labels of socialism and communism, each of them bearing the specific name of its chief protagonist or originator.

In the broadest sense, the feature common to all of these theories was the opposition to the system of private ownership of land and industries to which the general term of "capitalism" was applied. In its stead various forms of ownership by the government or by state-supervised producers' organizations were advocated.

The protagonists of these theories were as a rule members of the educated middle classes. The socialists of those days were middle-class intellectuals. They were afraid lest the unbridled exploitation and oppression of the working masses by the propertied classes might lead to a repetition of the bloody events of the great French Revolution. To avert such calamities they proposed to the propertied classes themselves all kinds of reform measures or ideal systems. Those of the malcontents who went under the name of communists were mostly déclassé intellectuals who had nothing to lose. They aspired to a revolution that would do away with existing privilege. The most energetic elements among them were out to overthrow the existing system by force and to seize power for the purpose of establishing a revolutionary dictatorship. They were called Babouvists, after Gracchus Babeuf, head of the communist "Conspiracy of the Equals" of that period of the French Revolution which immediately preceded the rise to power of the Corsican adventurer. The Babouvists (later called Blanquists, after their leader Auguste Blanqui) spoke in the name of the "proletarians," meaning all those who were not capitalists—that is, intellectual and manual workers. Once they had established their dictatorship—their theory ran—they would undertake the reorganization of the social structure. But they were rather non-committal about the details. The workers whose support they solicited could think that they would introduce the millennium immediately. To the déclassé intellectuals the move-

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ment offered prospects of government positions, as soon as the old régime was overthrown.

Marx absorbed the various theories into all the pores of his inquisitive brain. He did not accept any of them as a whole, but examined them in the light of his own philosophical conceptions and political yearnings of a German democrat. He saw a growing working class, vigorous and combative, which the various malcontent groups of the educated middle classes expected to be an instrument for the overthrow of the hated financial oligarchy, represented by King Louis Philippe. He took heart. Here was the force that would eventually accomplish the Great German Revolution, do away with the junkers and establish the rule of the enlightened middle classes. With that mental process of "rationalization" which always embellishes our non-idealistic cravings, he began to convince himself that the aim of the revolution was to be not the establishment of a new class rule, but the abolition of all oppression and exploitation. The first steps of his conversion to socialism—hazy and nondescript as it was—were marked by the significant words: "The emancipation of the German is the emancipation of man. The head of that emancipation is *philosophy,* its heart the *proletariat.*" In other words, in a revolution, headed by *philosophers,* that is, by the intellectuals, Marx needed the *workers.* It was not Marx who joined the workers in *their* need for a revolution; it was the workers who were needed in *his* revolution.

In his longing for an immediate revolution in Germany Marx felt himself closest to the Babouvists-Blanquists. But their methods, in Marx's opinion, were not suited for Germany. While in France these determined revolutionists could already dream of overthrowing the existing capitalist government and of seizing all power for themselves, Germany had still to accomplish her middle-class revolution. The rule of capital first had to be established before it could be overthrown. This was the postulate of the historical process, aside from the fact that the radicals in Germany were still much too weak to think of seizing the power all for themselves. The best that the German radicals could do under these circumstances was to array the workers around a programme that would attack the middle classes *in abstracto,* while helping them to establish their rule *in concreto.* It took the genius of the most sophisticated of Hegel's disciples to work out a system that would harmoniously reconcile this contradiction. . . .

FRIENDS

In 1844, Marx had a meeting in Paris which was to become the determining factor in all the subsequent years of his life. That meeting led to a friendship the like of which is told only in the mythological records of the human race. It was an association all the more striking as the young German philosopher and rebel was possessed of a peculiar genius for making enemies rather than friends.

Endowed with extraordinary gifts, he felt himself naturally predestined for leadership. But he had handicaps which he was never to overcome. He had no oratorical talent; he lisped, and his pronunciation was marred by the local peculiarities of the Rhenish dialect—that German dialect from which the Eastern Yiddish has taken its origin. This very likely—as one of his biographers assumes—made him see in every other political leader a potential successful rival. It was this sense of inadequacy which greatly contributed to the bitterness pervading all his utterances, both public and private.

Friedrich Engels, the newly acquired friend, was not to stand in the way of his ambitions. Independently of Marx he had been gradually groping his way to the conclusions arrived at by his future comrade for life. He willingly recognized the latter's superiority, acknowledging him as a genius. For himself he claimed only talent. He shared his friend's political hatreds and idiosyncrasies, and was until his death the best exponent of that vast complex of ideas known as Marxism, the merits of whose foundation may be credited to him almost to the same extent as to the man whose name it bears. Marx never quarrelled with him, a fact which cynics might find quite natural. Engels actually was the "heavy sugar" in the case. Without his generous assistance Marx would never have succeeded in mastering the enormous task which he had undertaken. He showed an almost incredible ability at mismanaging his own affairs. Nor was he free from a bohemian carelessness in matters of money, which he could spend as easily and as thoughtlessly as if he were, like his charming and devoted wife, a member of a Prussian junker family. With these distressing traits, and without the open hand of Engels, he would have perished in misery long before he had assembled the vast material for his generally admired and just as generally unread or misunderstood economic treatises.

Though intellectually almost "identical twins," the two men were miles apart in their origin, their background, their tastes, their mode of life, and what one calls "moral" conceptions. The reincarnation of many generations of rabbis and talmudists, Karl Marx was the impractical scholar turned politician, rebel, and prophet. On the other hand, Friedrich Engels, the gay bonvivant with a well-nigh Prussian penchant for military matters, was the eminently practical and versatile scion of three generations of prosperous Rhenish manufacturers. But one thing they had in common aside from their ideas: With all their scientific hatred of the capitalist system and their theoretical devotion to the cause of the underdog—they were both fond of bour-

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geois respectability at its worst. While Marx liked his wife to sign "née Baronesse von Westphalen," and was naïvely out to find rich husbands for his daughters, his brother-in-arms enjoyed the ennobling pastime of fox-hunts in company of the well-to-do set of Manchester, where his absentee father was partner in a textile mill. But Marx was the more respectable of the two. He was a model husband and father, and with his wife looked with Victorian scorn upon the happy bachelor and his *ménage à trois* with the two charming Burns sisters. For a poor man with too many children may have a legitimate grievance against the rich man with too many sweethearts.

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

It did not take long before Marx and Engels became closely connected with a German revolutionary organization called the Communist League. It was a society of German workers with a sprinkling of déclassé intellectuals, which had its headquarters in London. In Paris, some of its members had become imbued with the communist ideas of the Babouvists, and this kinship of ideas made it easy for Marx and Engels to gain influence within the League and finally to control it. At the time when he got in contact with the London communists, Marx lived in Brussels, having been expelled from Paris upon demand of the Prussian government. He returned to Paris immediately after the revolution of 1848.

His stay in Brussels was one of the most fruitful periods in his life. Here he developed those of his ideas which, known under the term of the "materialist conception of history," in the opinion of his followers have established him as the greatest philosopher of all times.

The "materialist conception of history," better known in the English-speaking world as "economic determinism," has been summed up best by Marx himself. In the preface to one of his later works, written a dozen years after he first conceived the idea, are contained the following paragraphs which present in a nutshell the philosophical structure of Marxism:

"The mode of production in material life determines the general character of the social, political, and spiritual processes of life. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but on the contrary their social existence determines their consciousness.

"At a certain stage in their development, the material forces of production in society come into conflict with the existing relations of production, or—what is but a legal expression for the same thing—with the property relations within which they had been at work before. From forms of development of the forces of production, these turn into their fetters. Then comes the period of social revolution. With the change of the economic foundation, the entire immense superstructure is more or less rapidly transformed.

"In considering such transformations the distinction should always be made between the material transformation of the economic conditions of production, which can be determined with the precision of natural science, and the legal, political, religious, æsthetic, or philosophical—in short, the ideological forms in which men become conscious of this conflict and fight it out. Just as our opinion of an individual is not based on what he thinks of himself, so can we not judge of such a period of transformation by its own consciousness; on the contrary, this consciousness must rather be explained from the contradictions of material life, from the existing conflict between the social forces of production and the relations of production.

"No social order ever disappears before all the productive forces for which there is room within it have been developed; and new higher relations of production never appear before the material conditions of their existence have matured in the womb of the old society. Therefore, mankind always takes up only such problems as it can solve; since, looking at the matter more closely, we will always find that the problem itself arises only when the material conditions necessary for its solution already exist or are at least in process of formation."

The followers of this theory have stressed its revolutionary merits. By reducing the historical process to the working of the economic forces Marx has dealt a mortal blow to the old conceptions of the feudal epoch with their emphasis upon the rôle of religious and other ideas and the predominant importance of great men in making history. The determining rôle of economic conditions and economic interests has gradually become a commonplace accepted by the more intelligent official historians and journalistic defenders of the existing system as well.

Marx's concept contains, however, features which were bound to call forth criticism from those radical elements which were not altogether hypnotized by the Teacher's great authority. In their opinion, Marx, by declaring his economic laws of development to be "independent of human will," has created a modernized version of the old "divine laws" which man is powerless to overcome. If "no social order ever disappears before all the productive forces for which there is room within it have been developed," then, these critics say, it was apparently senseless for the slaves and the serfs, and also for the modern workers to revolt and to attempt to rid themselves of their chains, before the "maturing" of economic conditions. Characteristically enough, it was on this ground that the orthodox Marxists of the moderate school opposed the Bolshevik attempts to do away

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Road to Prosperity

AN ENGINEER'S VIEWPOINT

By David Cushman Coyle

No far-off utopia is envisioned by this practising engineer, who believes that by working with what we have we can achieve a basis of security and well-being.

In every business depression there is an outbreak of doom-prophecy, answered by loud outcries of exaggerated optimism. The United States has been having its spasm of both this winter. So the world is coming to an end, is it? Not proven. And so everything is quite all right, is it? And all we have to do is to "see it through," is it? Not proven either.

Amid all the wild talk on both sides of the argument, there is one fact that had better be admitted. The present situation is a good deal more than just an ordinary depression. In the past the total effect of the underlying long-term trends in prices, population, foreign trade, and technological development was generally favorable. This time it is generally unfavorable. President Hoover's Committee on Recent Social Trends says that the severity of the present depression has been due in large measure to non-cyclical factors, that is, to forces that will not be overcome by the normal processes of recovery. If this is true, there is no sense in saying that we are in just a cyclical depression that will cure itself. Perhaps it will cure itself, but how powerful are the non-cyclical depressing factors? No one can say with certainty. If nothing intelligent is done, maybe the country will pull through, perhaps not.

There is a wild argument about whether the ship is going to strike the rocks or drift by. Perhaps it would be a good idea to try rigging a sail and interfering with the fates to some purpose. If it is true, or possibly true, that no recovery is likely to occur this time by the old-fashioned process of automatic readjustment, then the time has come for deliberately adjusting the economic system so as to promote recovery. The possibilities of deliberate readjustment need to be widely discussed, so that if a definite crisis should appear the means of meeting it successfully may be at hand.

Although there are dozens of things the matter with the capitalist system, not all of them have to be corrected before the system can run again. In fact, there is every probability that the United States, at least, could recover its economic health and retain it for a long time to come if we could learn how to do two things: how to distribute adequate buying power to the men who are no longer needed in mechanical industry; and how to operate business without loading it with unconscionable masses of debt.

The answers to both these questions are to be found, in more or less rudimentary form, in certain features of the present economic system. In reality the only new thing that has to be added is a better understanding of the nature and effects of the existing factors, so that the relative emphases placed upon them may be modified to suit the new conditions. That in itself is a large order, but until every effort has been made to understand and to utilize the existing mechanisms of adjustment there is no necessity for abandoning the whole system as a hopeless wreck.

Technological unemployment has been going on for some time. Before the war the growth of industry was so rapid that it absorbed the men who had been released by improved efficiency. But after the war the number of men employed in manufacturing diminished. From 1923 to 1929, according to F. C. Mills, manufacturing production increased 13 per cent while the number of wage earners engaged in manufacturing decreased 7 per cent. And yet the total number of gainfully employed increased. How could that be? The answer is indicated in a study of American consumer habits made by *The Business Week,* which shows that from 1919 to 1929 the market for services increased 50 per cent while the market for goods increased only 12 per cent. Census figures also show that an increasing percentage of the gainfully employed were in the service industries. The service market is the answer to the problem of technological unemployment.

The difference between goods and services is important to an understanding of the new conditions of industry. Goods may be defined as anything made out of raw material or power. Services are made primarily out of human skill, time and effort, without any significant demand for raw materials or power. A dental treat-

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ment, a magazine article, or a symphony concert bears no recognizable relationship to the one-tenth horsepower technocratically attributed to the human engine. The vital feature of the category of services is that they are not limited by the physical resources of the country. Mechanical industry may be limited by the available materials, but there is no limit to the field for employment in improving the conditions of civilization, of health, knowledge, religion, and art, in the provision of modern treatment for criminals and defectives, and in a host of other cultural or quasi-cultural developments with all the various grades of labor and management required. It is in these types of activity that employment is to be found for all those workers who are not needed in making and distributing physical goods.

There has been much futile argument about whether the new automatic machinery has or has not destroyed employment. The fact is that the answer depends largely on the relative activity of the market for services. Before the crash technological unemployment was occurring at an increasing rate; but it was being almost entirely counteracted by the rapid growth of the market for services, which absorbed labor almost as fast as labor became available. Since the crash, technological unemployment has been growing at an even faster rate; but this time the service market has failed to absorb the surplus labor, which is left without employment. The effect of the accelerating rate of growth of automatic machinery is not necessarily unemployment: the effect is only that it becomes increasingly imperative that the service market be kept in condition to utilize the labor released from mechanical industry. If that balance is not maintained, then there is unemployment; and that is one of the chief causes of the distress of the last three years.

The recent unbalance between goods and services has been due to at least two factors. One is that many services are in the luxury class, so that when depression came they were quickly cut off as each family began reducing its expenditures. The public services were more stable and resisted deflation longer, but the growing demand for public retrenchment has begun at last to break that market also. If the service market is to be stabilized it can be only by government action that will increase the volume of public and semipublic spending at a time when private luxuries are being cut off. The effect of technological advance is to make it more imperative than ever before that the service market be stabilized at a high level of activity.

Another factor of unbalance has been the increasing volume of saving and investment. There was a strong and growing tendency during the boom to spend money for securities that served to finance unnecessary plant and equipment. The result was a condition of intense competition, high overhead, and rising sales costs that did much to bring on the collapse of prosperity. Had the surplus incomes been spent on services, to a large degree, instead of on commercial construction, the crash might have been postponed for a long time. If the poisonous effects of overbuilding are to be avoided, it can only be by government action that will divert large amounts of surplus income from possible investment into private or public spending on a grand scale.

The second problem that must be answered if capitalism is to operate is how it can operate without continually piling up debts. Heretofore there has been a continuous growth of debt during prosperous times, since money was being invested, and new investments appear as liabilities in the balance sheets of the corporations that get the money. Every investment is a debt on somebody. The more investments the more debts. This process, in fact, is an essential factor in the distribution of consumer buying power in the orthodox economic system. When money is saved it is of course withdrawn from the market, and it is returned to circulation only by being invested. In general, some one borrows this money and pays it out for the construction of new plant; it is thus distributed as wages and salaries in the construction industries. If the new plant is superfluous, then the savings used in building it were unnecessary savings; and somewhere in the industry a corresponding amount of plant must become idle, and a corresponding investment must be written off. Essentially, then, the mechanism for returning *excess* savings to circulation has always been to invest them and let a corresponding amount of investment become bankrupt. The losses following excessive saving and investment were not accidental; they followed automatically from the fact that in the long run business will not carry any more debt than it can carry. There is therefore no strictly mathematical reason why business cannot continue to absorb all the investment money that may be offered and to create debts accordingly, because defaults and failures will wipe out debts about as fast as they are created. There is no mathematical reason why people cannot continue to save their surplus income and redistribute it to wage earners through the normal channels of investment-and-loss. The trouble is not mathematical but emotional. As the speed of obsolescence increases with the invention of new automatic processes, the gross volume of capital loss involved in this old standard method of distributing buying power is getting to be more than the people can stand. A small amount of new investment is so quickly followed by widespread and drastic capital losses that it is hard to see how an old-fashioned recovery, based on large masses of new investment, can occur. People will not invest if they know that their investment will be lost,

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and it is becoming harder and harder for people to remain ignorant of what will happen if they invest. But without continual investment, how can business go on?

It appears that when money is accumulated in the form of surplus income, some way must be found to distribute it again into the hands of wage earners without forcing it to pass through the orthodox saving-investment-loss process. The fact is that in a rudimentary form such a way now exists. Surplus income is now in part distributed by way of contributions to semi-public organizations in cultural and philanthropic fields, and by way of income taxes which are spent by the government on the public services. This type of distribution mechanism transforms accumulated money into buying power among lower income groups, without producing salable goods to compete with private business and without adding to the total of business debt. Contributions and income taxes are a bypass around the strictly mechanical industrial system; by way of this bypass money leaks down from the large incomes to the small with the production of cultural activity. It is the mechanism by which large incomes are spent for services that are socially approved and that do not subject the spender to envy or hatred.

It is evident that the quantity of money passing through contributions and income taxes depends on non-predictable factors, emotional and political, and therefore that the amount of surplus that will be saved and invested in creating debt has no definite predictable value. When Mr. Mellon persuaded the country to reduce the income tax, in order to "encourage enterprise," the bypass was partly throttled, and a larger proportion of the country's surplus income flowed into savings. The figures published by the Bureau of Internal Revenue indicate a definite correlation between low surtaxes and a high rate of industrial investment, as G. N. Nelson showed recently in *The New York Times*. The result of Mr. Mellon's persuasions was to stimulate the growth of investments, debts, and consequent bankruptcy, as Sir Arthur Salter has pointed out. If Mr. Mellon had had less influence, our prosperity might have lasted longer. The rate of investment is not mathematically fixed. This is the hole in the logic of all those economic theories that pretend to demonstrate the mathematical impossibility of operating capitalism without running into a deficiency of buying power. The buying power available for purchase of manufactured goods can be kept at any desired quantity by deliberately enlarging the volume of income taxes in the higher brackets, and of the contributions stimulated by tax exemption. The transfer of capital from commercial investment to government bonds, stimulated by high-bracket taxes, helps to produce the same effect.

Once the economic system is operating with a good market and a moderate burden of debt there is no mathematical law against its continuance in that state of salvation for an indefinite period. Neither fantastically high mechanical productivity nor considerable differences in money incomes will prevent its continuance provided they are accompanied by their appropriate adjusting mechanism. The graduated income tax, suitably sugar-coated with exemptions for contributions, will do the trick provided it is made sufficiently drastic. The same effect could be produced by any one of several ingenious methods that have been proposed. But the income tax has perhaps the best chance of being adopted in practice.

There remains the problem of how a system with an abnormally low market and a heavy debt burden can be lifted into a normal condition. The following course of treatment is suggested merely as an illustration of principles that might equally well be embodied in any one of a dozen different forms. First let the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—after being suitably reconstructed itself—lend money in any necessary quantity to the railroads to be used in buying their own bonds in the open market at a low price. The first purpose of this device is to act as an anæsthetic, to make it impossible for popular panic to wreck the banks and insurance companies while the next step is being taken. The other purpose of this device is to enable the railroads to cut their debt burden to some extent by buying their own obligations at a heavy discount.

The next step is to pass a Wagner bill for a large expenditure, first on relief, and then on public works and services as soon as plans can be prepared. The bonds to finance this expenditure should be offered to the public and completely "supported" by Federal Reserve buying with whatever Federal Reserve note issues may be necessary. The analogy to war financing is close, and in no way closer than this: no half measures will go. Wars are not won on a parsimonious program, and neither are situations like the present one, a fact that ought to be evident enough by this time.

The third step is to impose very heavily graduated income and inheritance taxes, to supply funds for paying off Federal bonds and retiring the Federal Reserve notes on which they were floated, and also to draw off surplus income and prevent it from flowing in large quantities into new investment.

It will be observed that the suggested program involves an increase of Federal debt. It ought to be evident, however, that Federal debt is not analogous to business debt, because the Federal Government has the power to impose the burden of paying its debts on accumulated money instead of laying it on the buying market in the form of a sales tax. Business debts have

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to be paid, if they are paid at all, out of the prices received by business for its products. That is, the amounts that must be added to the price of goods to cover capital charges are a sort of private sales tax, and sales taxes depress business. The same is true, in the main, of local taxes, which are generally paid, in the end, by the same consumers on whom business depends for its income. Business debts and municipal debts alike have to be paid by the consumer, and therefore they both tend to depress business. Federal debt can be paid by taxing surplus income, and therefore it need not depress business, providing it is paid in that way. If the country had understood this difference, the policies of the outgoing Administration would not have been approved in the earlier stages of the depression, and the country might have missed a number of unpleasant experiences.

It seems reasonable to anticipate that if a program similar in effect to that suggested above were to be adopted the necessary bankruptcy still due on part of our existing industry might be postponed and spread out so as to be tolerable. If investment is kept at a minimum the new automatic processes can be injected into industry a few at a time over a term of years, and the capital value of the old plants can be wiped out without causing any general panic. At the same time the destruction of opportunity for labor can be counteracted if the expenditure for public and institutional activities can be kept at a high and rising level.

The key to stable prosperity is the continuous distribution of buying power; the key to distribution is the diversion of money from unnecessary capital investment into the market for services; the key to an immediate enlargement of the market for services is the education of public opinion toward an expanded program of public expenditure.

Obviously the gist of the foregoing argument is this. High productivity does not mean that mechanical industry occupies a more important relative position in the social order than before, but that it is less important. High productivity does not mean that the control of industry must be more concentrated, but that, except for certain natural monopolies, it can afford to be less concentrated. High productivity does not mean that individual liberty needs to be restricted for the sake of efficiency, but only that the right to save money, regardless of the consequences to society, can no longer be permitted to those who have no vital need to save. So far as efficiency is concerned, we have so much of it that we can afford to waste some of it as the price of freedom. High productivity does not mean that mankind must adjust itself to the needs of the machine, but that the machine now requires so little care that it can be hidden away in the basement while mankind devotes its main attention to a new cultural advance. It may well be true that ultimately the engineers must assume authority over the use of limited natural resources in mechanical industry; that fact, however, puts the engineers not in the centre of the stage but in a corner of one of the wings.

And yet, after all, is this picture of a highly productive society, enjoying a widely diffused freedom and comfort, and devoting its main energies to the arts of life, a utopian dream floating in the clouds, or is there some chance of starting to build this new social structure on earth in the near future?

The fact is, the powers that can swing the first stones of the foundation into place are already far past their infancy. The advocates of high taxes on the upper brackets were strong even in the congressional debate of last year. In the present session of the outgoing Congress the sales tax has apparently been sunk without trace. In the election last fall several of the most powerful opponents of taxation on wealth were eliminated from the Senate. In that same election the leading advocate of Federal retrenchment, the man who said "we cannot squander our way into prosperity," was defeated. With that event prosperity, which in a system of high productivity can come and remain in no other way than by continuous and increasing luxury expenditure, took one step out of the impossible into the possible. In great areas of our country more than a majority of the people desire to escape from heavy taxation on business and to impose heavier taxation on the accumulations of unspent money. The balance of power in the new Congress is close between those who will support and those who will oppose a program of advance. Many people who a few months ago would have regarded a paper such as the present one as radical can now see that in view of the situation it is really conservative. The report of the Hoover Committee on Recent Social Trends, published on January 2, lends powerful support to the ideas here set forth. All these facts are pretty close to the ground.

Between us and the New Deal there are lions in the way; they may or may not turn out to be stuffed. There is the remnant of our respect for the old financial policies that ran us into the ditch. More dangerous still, there is the hysterical demand for indiscriminate Federal retrenchment. While these obstacles stand we are still asking for trouble. But if a few more men of influence should decide to throw their weight on the side of bold Federal action, the balance in Washington may be swung over. If that day comes, the man who promised America a new deal will have in his hand the power to make history.

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What Future Has Farming?

By Walter W. Liggett

If the American farmer is to survive, some immediate change in his situation is necessary. Is peonage on "food factory" farms the answer, or can farmers unite to preserve their independent status?

DESPITE the modern emphasis on manufacturing, with the consequent over-development of our great cities and a decline in rural population, agriculture still remains the primary industry upon which all other occupations must depend. The world could at a pinch get along without labor-saving machinery, sky-scrapers, railroads, automobiles, steamships, telephones or the radio, but it cannot get along without food—and food can only be produced upon farms. Literally, the farmer *is* "the backbone of the nation," for it is an axiom of historians that no civilization can long endure unless it is founded upon a contented farming class.

Far-reaching social implications also are involved in the successful solution of this world-old problem. The decline of the Roman Empire dated from the destruction of its sturdy home-owning farmers by imported slave labor. Farmers undoubtedly lend political stability to any country, yet they cannot fairly be accused of always throwing their weight to conservative causes. There is a long list of successful agrarian revolts—Mexico and Russia in recent years—while in the United States the Middle Western farmers always have been in the very vanguard of political progressiveness.

Today the plight of the farmers everywhere is desperate and this accounts for much of the world-wide unrest. Conceivably the ultimate victory between the warring systems of capitalism and communism may be determined by the manner in which the United States, China, India, and Russia achieve success—or failure—in allaying the distress and discontent among their farmers.

Evidences multiply that something definite will be done by the new administration toward allaying the rising tide of farmers' discontent. Mr. Roosevelt is not unmindful of the fact that he carried all the traditionally Republican western farm states and he already has had many conferences with accredited leaders of the organized farmers who profess confidence that he will support their efforts to lift farm prices by the parity bill and to ease the burden of farm mortgages, probably through the issuance of long-term bonds. It is difficult at this time to predict just what form the agricultural legislation will take when it emerges from Congress after undergoing all the necessary compromises, but Mr. Roosevelt has announced in no unmistakable terms that something must be done to restore farm prosperity, and the farmers themselves, for the first time in two decades, really look to the new incoming administration with real confidence.

Curiously, it is in communist Russia that the peasants are tending towards conservatism by strenuously resisting the Soviet programme for the complete socialization of land through the establishment of great collectivized "food factories"; while in capitalistic United States the farmers, as the result of wholesale foreclosures and tax evictions, are making really radical demands and today offer the only substantial nucleus for an independent third party. It is also a sharply contrasting and ironic fact, that in Russia the "liquidation" of the *kulaks* or wealthier peasants was ruthlessly carried out because the Soviet authorities thought the system of individual farming did not produce enough; whereas in the United States our home-owning farmers are being dispossessed—by legal means instead of by military might—because they produced a huge surplus—a surplus that rots in the fields while hungry men walk the streets of our cities in the vain search for jobs.

Modern society has known three distinct systems of farming: The first is the individual method where the farmer owns his land. Under normal conditions the individual farmer who knows his business is capable of making a good living. This method came to its fullest flower in the United States, Canada and Australia about the turn of the century. It also prevails in France, Germany and Denmark, where thrifty peasant proprietors wrest a fairly comfortable living from their small holdings, and it was gaining headway in Russia before the revolution, with the *kulaks* gradually increasing their acreage and improving methods of production. All things considered, this method in farming is perhaps better than any other for both the individual and the

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state. The home owner conserves his land, has an incentive for industry, and politically is independent.

The second great system of farming is peonage or tenantry. While in theory the tenant is a free agent, even in the United States repressive debt laws keep the average renter in virtual servitude—particularly if he is colored—and hundreds of thousands of white cotton croppers in the South hardly have more independence either economically or politically than South American peons. Not only does the average tenant barely eke out a subsistence for himself and his family, but ordinarily he is an unskilled farmer and the land itself almost always deteriorates under tenantry. Too often the tenant farmer is a poor citizen, a thriftless individual, and his purchasing power is necessarily low.

The third system of farming attempted by modern society was the corporation farm. Big-scale farming with power machinery, as might have been anticipated, was first tried in the United States, but after forty years of experimentation in all parts of the United States and Canada it has been well established that big-scale machine farming cannot produce as cheaply or efficiently as small individual ownership. Considering the small returns and the extreme hazards caused by crop failures and fluctuating prices, it is fairly certain that capital will not be attracted into corporation farming under present conditions.

It remained for Russia to inaugurate a fourth method of farming. Although big-scale power farming has proved unprofitable in the United States, the Soviet authorities with the purpose of "pulverizing the peasant masses" have launched an ambitious programme of collective farming which has no counterpart in history. They have set up approximately 150 great "food factories" ranging from 100,000 to nearly 1,000,000 acres each with the announced intention of raising wheat, corn, cotton, fruits, vegetables, livestock and other farm commodities by mass-production methods. Approximately one-half of the peasants and three-fourths of all the agricultural land in Russia are now included in the collectives.

All students of agrarian economics have realized from the very first that the success or failure of the Soviets' attempt to introduce factory methods of farming was bound to affect the whole future of American agriculture. If the Russian "food factories" even approximate the enthusiastic predictions of their sponsors, it is safe to predict that they will be a predominant factor in bringing about revolutionary changes everywhere in the status of the farmer. If the Russian plan succeeds it is more than likely the individual farmer is doomed—and with him may perish a social system.

Reports of a serious food shortage in Russia indicate, however, that after five years of collectivization, crop production has slumped below its pre-war level and also below the point it had attained in 1927 under individual ownership. Wide-spread dissatisfaction exists among the peasants. Bureaucratic mismanagement and mass sabotage by dispossessed *kulaks* are responsible for this set-back—a set-back which is certain materially to slow up the entire tempo of Soviet planning.

Perhaps it is too early to declare positively that collective farming has failed in Russia, just as corporation farming failed in the United States, yet most competent agriculturists in this country—some of whom are in sympathy with the Soviet aims—have predicted that wholesale collectivization would not succeed. Their predictions were based on two very definite reasons. First, the experience over a long period of years in the United States and Canada, where skilled managers and capable mechanics are available, has proved that big-scale farming is not economical.

The second reason is extremely potent although purely psychological. Farmers everywhere have a strong desire to own the soil which they make productive. Admittedly the Russian peasants have resorted to mass sabotage in retaliation for forcible dispossession from their individual holdings. Communist leaders claim that with a generation of education they can eradicate these deep-rooted instincts. This remains to be seen. The peasant is traditionally stubborn and in Russia he has a tremendous numerical advantage over the city proletariat. He looks upon compulsory collectivization as an attempt to return him to virtual serfdom and it is within the bounds of possibility that the Soviet experiment will be wrecked on the rocks of peasant resistance—a resistance that could have been avoided had the communist chiefs been less doctrinaire in their insistence upon socialization of the land.

But the United States no less than Russia is in the throes of an agricultural crisis which may have far-reaching economic and political repercussions. For more than a decade our politicians and industrialists have let matters drift until the bulk of our home-owning independent farmers are perilously close to peonage. We must make up our minds whether we as a nation care to restore the system of individual farming; whether we will further lapse into tenantry; or whether we intend to follow the example of Russia and submerge our home-owning farmers into the status of hired seasonal migratory laborers. The final settlement cannot much longer be postponed.

The collapse in prices of agricultural commodities in the United States occurred in 1920 and our farmers—especially those who raised such staples as wheat, cotton, wool and livestock—never fully recovered from the effects of that drastic post-war deflation. Not a few economists warned then that the sharply depreciated

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purchasing power of the farmers was bound to result in a slowing down of the wheels of industry, and no competent observer doubts that the long world-wide decline in agricultural prices was one of the primary causes of the existing depression.

The steady decrease of rural population with the consequent curtailment of rural purchasing power represents one of the gravest problems facing this nation. Upon its correct solution the welfare of our people probably depends. We cannot lift ourselves by our economic boot-straps—in spite of efforts in high places to do so—and it is folly to suppose that we can bring about a permanent return of prosperity until we have first put back farming on a paying basis and restored the proper balance between industry and agriculture both as regards population and purchasing power.

Normally at least half of our entire population should live on farms or in towns and villages of less than 2500 persons. Up to 1900 more than 60 per cent of our population was rural, but since then there has been a rapid drift from the farms to the cities. Today less than 44 per cent of our people live in rural regions, while a trifle more than 56 per cent reside in cities. Not only has the *percentage* of people living on farms continuously grown smaller, but since 1910 there has been an actual decline in the *number* of our rural population. During the decade between 1910 and 1920 nearly half a million persons actually left the farms, and between 1920 and 1930 approximately 4,000,000 persons have been forced to abandon farming and thus have directly contributed to the unemployment in our cities. In the last two years unemployment has temporarily reversed this tendency and approximately 700,000 people have returned to the farms.

With the decline in farm population has come an even greater drop in the farmer's purchasing power. Farm income in the United States has fallen from $16,000,000,000 in 1919 to $13,000,000,000 in 1929—and *in 1932 it will not exceed $5,500,000,000.* Even in years of so-called prosperity the farm income on a per-capita basis never compared with the average income in other lines of industry. The entire national income in 1929 was roughly 90 billion dollars. Inasmuch as the population actually living on farms constitutes about 30 per cent of the nation, the farmers should have received, on a fair basis, at least 27 billion dollars income instead of the 13 billion they actually received. In this year of depression the farmers should have gotten approximately 15 billion dollars income instead of a little more than one-third of that amount.

In the last twelve years the value of all farm property in the United States has shrunk from 79 to 55 billion dollars. During the same period farm mortgages have increased from 6 billion dollars in 1920 to a total of 11½ billion dollars today. The decrease in farm values and the increase in farm indebtedness have been accompanied by an alarming growth of farm tenantry. In 1880 only one-fourth of our farms were operated by renters, but in 1930 more than 42 per cent of all American farmers were mere hired hands—and the ratio has increased by leaps and bounds since the last census.

It is almost impossible to describe the distress that exists today among farmers in the Middle West, the Far West and the South. In Mississippi 60,000 cotton raisers have had their farms sold for taxes. In North Dakota nearly 60 per cent of the farmers have been dispossessed by mortgage foreclosures or tax sales. In Minnesota more than 12,000,000 acres have reverted to the state through tax delinquency. In Oklahoma it is estimated that the entire value of the corn, wheat and cotton crop is not sufficient to pay the farmers' tax bill.

In Illinois 47 per cent of the farm land is mortgaged for $400,000,000, and Iowa—admittedly the richest agricultural State in the Union—has 65 per cent of its 214,000 farms mortgaged for $450,000,000. Since 1920 no less than 29,000 Iowa farmers have been dispossessed for debt. In North and South Dakota, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Montana nearly 125,000 farmers have been on the Red Cross relief rolls, while countless thousands more have been receiving charity from relatives and friends. In the South whole counties are reduced to a barter basis. At present prices there is hardly a farm commodity which is not selling for less than its actual cost of production. Agriculture is a bankrupted industry.

Contrary to the generally accepted opinion, the theory that farm prices have been depressed by world-wide over-production may be dismissed as baseless. It is perfectly true that more wheat, cotton, livestock and other staples are produced now than in 1910, but it also is true that the population of the world has increased from an estimated 1,570,000,000 persons in 1910 to 1,940,000,000 in 1932 and the production of farm products has just about kept pace with the increased population.

For instance, between 1910 and 1914, according to the best available statistics of the Department of Agriculture, the world wheat production averaged 3,041,000,000 bushels, or 1.94 bushels per capita. In the years 1928–1932, according to the same figures, world wheat production averaged 3,778,000,000 bushels, which amounts to 2.02 bushels per capita.

Secretary of Agriculture Hyde in his 1931 annual report made much of the fact that for the last seven years the world wheat production had averaged 43,000,000 bushels more than world consumption. These figures lose their significance when it is shown that the surplus was a trifle less than one-forty-fifth of a bushel per

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capita. About two extra loaves of bread a year for every individual would more than wipe out this surplus.

Cotton production, too, has merely kept abreast of the needs of an increasing population. The world's population has increased almost exactly 20 per cent since 1910 and during the same period cotton production has only grown from 21,000,000 to 26,000,000 bales.

There actually has been a marked falling off in the per-capita production of corn, oats and barley. Flaxseed has almost exactly paralleled the increase in population. Livestock production has not increased nearly so rapidly as the world population.

"Over-production" and glib reference to "the law of supply and demand" are serviceable alibis for politicians, speculators, high-tariff advocates and others engaged in "farming the farmer," but cold statistics prove that the real explanation of the agricultural deflation must be sought elsewhere. Yet there is nothing mysterious about the bankruptcy of the American farmer. It can be accounted for by the following very definite reasons:

1. *The tariff.* A large part of the farmer's difficulties is due to the fact that everything he buys is purchased in a protected domestic market and everything he sells is sold in a free-trade world market in competition with the cheap labor and cheap land of Russia, India, and Argentina. Over a long period this condition alone would bankrupt any industry.

It is true that many agricultural products are protected by tariffs, but most of these are ineffective for various reasons. For instance, the 42-cents-a-bushel tariff on wheat is virtually nullified by the milling-in-bond provision; while Western sugar-beet growers face unfair competition from the Philippines, whose sugar comes in duty-free.

Obviously, in all products where we raise a large exportable surplus, tariff duties are more useful as political campaign arguments than in giving any real protection to American producers. A glaring example of this is the fact that wheat recently sold in Chicago for less than the 42-cents-a-bushel tariff. Probably the only way in which tariffs can be made effective for most farm products would be through the imposition of a debenture on all exports—a measure that was vetoed by President Hoover.

2. *Increased taxation.* While few farmers pay any direct Federal taxes, in many communities they bear almost the entire burden of local government and also are called upon to pay a disproportionate share of the cost of state administration. Farm taxes have increased 150 per cent since 1910, while the value of farm lands has dropped sharply. Farm taxes now average about $1.50 annually for each $100 of the full value of farm real estate. In other words, taxes equal the interest which farmers would pay at 6 per cent on a mortgage amounting to 25 per cent of the value of their land. Tens of thousands of farmers in all parts of the country are finding themselves unable to meet this additional burden.

3. *Excessive interest rates.* Farms of the United States are mortgaged for 11½ billion dollars. Interest averages more than 6 per cent. This means annual charges of approximately $700,000,000—or just about $115 per farm family—before the farmer can collect wages for his services, to say nothing of profits. The interest charge is far too heavy. If it could be reduced to 4 per cent it would mean a saving of $230,000,000 annually, and this could be applied to amortization of farm indebtedness. Cheaper money is one of agriculture's prime needs.

4. *High freight rates.* Freight rates from various Mid-Western points to the nearest terminal markets average 10 cents a bushel more for wheat than Canadian farmers pay for the same distances on Canadian railroads. Rates for corn, cotton, livestock and other farm commodities show similar discrimination. The American farmer pays the freight—and pays it both ways. When he ships livestock or grain to market the freight is deducted from the price he receives and when he buys farm machinery it always is on an f. o. b. basis. Economists declare that agriculture is paying a transportation tax at least one-third larger than it should be. Some experts estimate this excess transportation tax may run to half a billion dollars annually. That the railroads themselves are losing revenue only proves the policy short-sighted as well as selfish.

5. *Unfair grain grading.* Unfair grain grading and dishonest dockage have taken as much as $10,000,000 in a year from farms in the State of North Dakota alone —an average of $650 per farm family. When it is considered that practically all the Middle Western grain-growing States suffer from similar practices the magnitude of the graft becomes apparent. Cotton and tobacco buyers frequently take advantage of individual sellers in grading, and livestock prices often are manipulated to the disadvantage of the producer.

Freight rates, tariff schedules, interest charges, dockage and taxes all take a heavy toll from the farm producer, but he suffers even more from archaic and wasteful marketing methods. Too many middlemen stand between the producer and the consumer and there is far too much unnecessary duplication in distribution. Producer and consumer alike would benefit by the simplification of this system.

The average farm producer in the United States gets approximately one-third of the final selling price of his product. In Denmark, where the farmers have formed co-operatives, it is estimated that they get two-thirds of the price paid by the ultimate consumer. That extra

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one-third—which the Danish farmer gets and the American farmer does not get—explains why Danish farmers are prospering and why our own agriculturists are being forced off their farms.

Even if we eliminated unnecessary middlemen, much would remain to be done to improve our marketing system. Seasonal gluts of early vegetables and fruits, and even of grains and livestock and cotton, unduly depress prices when they flood the primary terminals. Wheat, cotton, wool, meat and eggs could be kept in warehouses during years of plenty and sold at a profit during the lean years which always follow. Instead of haphazard means of distributing farm crops, which entails fearful waste to both producer and consumer, it would be fairly easy to provide a scientific system where products would arrive at markets when needed, in response to the orders of a central marketing bureau, which would be in touch with weather conditions and the buyers' requirements.

An overhauling of our marketing methods should be accompanied by the development of regional industries. The only real hope of getting a larger proportion of our population from the cities to the rural regions is to establish packing plants, canneries, co-operative creameries, factories to make paper and fibre-board from straw, and distilleries to render industrial alcohol from waste farm products, in the heart of the agricultural West and South so that the sons and daughters of farmers may have gainful employment close to their homes, and also be available for work on the farms during the height of the seasonal activity. Such development also would eliminate the wasteful long hauls which now are such a heavy tax upon agriculture.

After unrestrained "rugged individualism" has exhausted our coal and oil and lumber and paper-pulp timber, the by-products from farm waste, such as alcohol, straw paper and fibre board, will be essential to carry on our industrial machine. Extension of super-power—developed at hydro-electric plants or at the coal mines—will make feasible the establishment of these farm factories and their utilization of what now are waste products will go far toward putting agriculture back on a profitable basis.

This is not a utopian dream. The garden city already has been worked out in Holland, Belgium, and Czecho-Slovakia, where it has materially raised the standard of living among the workers, to say nothing of greatly lessening the suffering caused by unemployment.

Another rank injustice from which the American farmer suffers is that he is the one producer who has practically nothing to say about fixing the selling price of his product. The price of wheat, for instance, is determined by the world price at Liverpool, although three-quarters of the American crop is consumed in the United States.

To remedy this the organized farmers are demanding that Congress enact the so-called voluntary-allotment plan whereby that portion of the crop consumed within the United States will be guaranteed the cost of production plus a reasonable profit, while the exportable surplus will be sold abroad for whatever it brings in the world market. Each staple is to bear the cost of administering this plan through an excise tax on that portion of the crop domestically consumed. In return all farmers benefiting by this plan would agree to limit their acreage. The plan is somewhat complicated and possibly would encounter many difficulties in administration, but at the same time it promises to advance the domestic price and in most respects it appears far more feasible than the ill-advised Federal Farm Board Act. It certainly would increase the purchasing power of the farmers and at the same time it might be successful without materially increasing prices for city consumers.

Since it is absolutely impossible for the farmers to pay off their existing debt burden at present price levels, some method will have to be adopted to refinance farm mortgages. Bills establishing an efficient credit system at reduced rates of interest are now pending in Congress. The one supported by organized farm leaders provides for a two-billion-dollar bond issue to take up farm mortgages, which will be at 1½ per cent interest, the principal also to be repaid at 1½ per cent per annum. If we want to give the dispossessed farmers a chance to get back their farms, legislation of this sort must be passed. Otherwise the ownership of the majority of our Western farms inevitably will pass to banks, insurance companies and mortgage houses. The farmers' only choice will be between peonage and swelling the breadlines.

In the last analysis, however, farmers must help themselves instead of looking to Congress. Congress can—and should—remedy certain flagrant inequalities in tariff, taxes, interest and railroad rates, and possibly create machinery which will simplify distribution, storage and marketing of agricultural products, but the real hope for restoration of farm prosperity lies in the formation of co-operative buying and selling associations.

A single farmer, unorganized, is at the mercy of the middlemen who control the marketing agencies. He must, perforce, sell his crop at whatever price is offered. Most farm commodities are perishable and the individual farmer cannot afford facilities which would enable him to store his crop—even if his creditors did not force him to sell by clamoring for early payment. Living on scattered farms, in more or less isolated regions, the farmer has always been victimized by the close-knit commercial associations which monopolize the marketing of grain, vegetables, fruit, wool, cotton and livestock.

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When the individual farmer joins his fellow farmers in co-operative selling associations he automatically finds himself much more favorably situated in the marketing of his crop. If one farmer, or even small groups of farmers, withholds produce from market it does not affect prices; but when the Canadian wheat pool, the California Fruit Growers Association, or State-wide bands of wool producers or raisin growers, decide to withhold their joint crop, they usually can raise prices. Furthermore, if the supply temporarily exceeds the demand, they can build or rent storage facilities, and by employing their joint credit they also can lend money to hard-pressed individual members. Co-operative associations can afford to hire experts to handle their marketing problems and other experts to aid them in problems of production.

Co-operation among agricultural producers already has made considerable headway in the United States. Not less than 1,000,000 farmers now are the joint owners of more than 10,000 marketing associations, 2000 mutual insurance companies, 2000 purchasing agencies, and many thousand grain elevators, warehouses, cheese factories and creameries. Not a few local telephone companies are co-operatively owned and so are some country newspapers. Ever since the war economic pressure has tended more and more to bring farmers together for mutual profit and protection and the future of agriculture lies in the extension of this principle. Personally, I look to see more and more co-operation in buying agencies as well as in marketing associations, and this development will in turn create a demand for co-operation in bank credit.

So far national and State laws have hamstrung the creation of co-operative farm credit associations. The necessity of changing these laws which now discriminate against them ultimately is bound to bring about closer farmer unity in the political field. This will be necessary to protect their co-operative activities. Heretofore the farmers have voted as individuals. But they will not put an end to unjust tariffs, excessive freight rates, high interest charges, extortionate taxes and other abuses until they cease thinking of themselves as Democrats and Republicans and vote together as fellow farmers.

Mass production, as a permanent policy, manifestly is bound to fail unless it is accompanied by mass consumption. This is precisely what the shiftless tenant farmer or migratory field hand cannot provide. We have encouraged conditions that have destroyed the purchasing power of the best of our rural population. Now we are paying for that mistake in wide-spread unemployment and general industrial distress. We will continue to pay until the adoption of saner economic policies restores the natural adjustment between agriculture and industry.

HORSES AT NIGHT

By Orrick Johns

Suddenly the horses crunching the leaves,
Circling the live-oaks, dark forms,
And no moon, rustling and snorting—
And we, sleeping, before we were awake,
Feeling the leaf-bed shakes,
The tramp of warning from the light
Field lying open at the top of the trail.
In a land of no storms
Horses that come like a tempest in the night,
Up from the watered roots of the streams,
Down from the brown hills
With a hammer of hail.

And in the morning,
Sending deep into the roots of our dreams
The shake of the tramped warning,
They come again
Circling the leaf-bed, snorting,
Sniffling at water in a land of no rain.

The ferns along the ground in the first flame,
With burning teeth bending beneath
The hooves, and a mule cavorting,
Tumbles, scratching his back on the spines
Of the leaves by the bed, stentorously whines
With the bone-pain,
With the shock of the rubbed earth,
Twisting himself insane, and suddenly heaves
Rolling up and runs
Heavily in a light shower of leaves.

She like a leaf
Blown up from the blankets leaping,
Brown of body tipped with gold,
Cries in the dawn at the mules and mares,
Half out of her sleeping,
Lifts a fan of branch and swears
Running at the red rumps of the flying pairs,
Stands on her brown stems and stares,
Loses her eyes in the beauty of running horses.

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The Orchard

A STORY OF PRIDE AND POLO

By Kyle Crichton

WHEN Sarah got back from her honeymoon, she called up her friends and raved about Langy. This was appreciated by her friends because they knew nothing about the wedding except what had been in the papers.

Sarah had gone up to Santa Fé to visit Della Burrows, and the next anybody knew there was a dispatch in *The Gazette* from Kingman, Arizona, saying that Sarah had married C. Langenheim Hibsen, of New York City. Sarah had known Langy one day only in Santa Fé, where he was hanging around Della, and then they had started for the coast in Sarah's car. Della didn't want to go, but there was no reason why she shouldn't and she felt that she should go just to thwart law and order. Della had a constitutional aversion to the police and the thought that she might nullify the Mann Act even in one case overcame any reluctance she might have had at being dragged two thousand miles as a chaperone.

Della had no false notions of herself as a chaperone, knowing that Sarah was a good moral girl who insisted on marrying her men. Langy was the third and when the ceremony was over in Kingman, Della waved them a relieved farewell and went over to sit in the lobby of the Harvey House and wait for the train back. She first advanced Sarah a little money which she would need on the honeymoon, Langy having been travelling about so rapidly that his communications to the rear were in bad shape.

Sarah had a house and a little land outside of town which she called The Ranch, but when the first congratulatory females raced out in their family motors, Langy was not around.

"He's out riding. You should see him on a horse!" cried Sarah.

The town saw him before the congratulatory females had the opportunity. Langy rode in from The Ranch to do a little shopping, and although there was some danger that his steed would be crushed by the rush of automobiles on High Street, he managed to get from Sixth Street down to the hitching post before the Conquistador Hotel, a relic of the pioneer days when Billy the Kid or somebody used to gallop in and shoot up the town. The sight of the horse on High Street was startling enough, but Langy himself was nothing to be overlooked on a sunshiny day. He had no coat, and his shirt was open at the neck, and on his head he wore a white pith helmet.

"What could this be?" asked the young men who stood for hours at a stretch resting elbows on the display case which stood in the middle of the entrance to the Kellerman Clothing Store.

"It's Goona-Goona," said Mr. Kellerman himself, paying no attention to a customer who passed him on the way into the store.

Langy was utterly self-composed, paying no heed to the crowds which lined the sidewalks, who must have thought that the elephants would be coming soon behind. Since there was a stream of cars on both sides of the street, Langy took to the space in the middle and kept between the car tracks, which were no longer used but which had never been torn up.

By this time the young men before the Kellerman store had reasoned it out that the man on horseback was Sarah's husband because they knew the horse, but they had a little trouble with the hat.

"Maybe he's a lacrosse player," they suggested.

"I've seen them in the Monkey-Ward catalog," said Mr. Ehrenstein. "You use them when you're doing that funny business with the bees. That's what you hang the veil or mask or whatever it is on."

"No," said Mr. Kellerman, still ignoring the customer within, "he's been around; he's travelled; he's probably been in Africa or some place."

Langy tied up the horse and went into the Conquistador and got a New York paper at the newsstand and talked with the dealer on the necessity of stocking a brand of cigarettes which could be had only in Singapore. The dealer's eyes bogged a bit, whether from the hat or the name of the cigarettes, and he laboriously wrote the name on the back of a bill from Liggett & Myers.

When Sarah began to have the first of her dinners to introduce Langy, they found him all right. He was young and good-looking, and from the way he carved the steak and took charge of things generally, there was agreement that at last Sarah had found somebody who could look after her.

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Langy kicked up the rugs in the living-room and wound the phonograph furiously as soon as they got away from the table, but that was fine for the lady guests because he was always meticulous about dancing with them all. He never changed the record and only occasionally changed the needle but things were gay. Before they got to bridge, Langy invited the men up to his den and gave them a cigar which could only be bought in Samarang, Java, and showed them his trophies from the East. On the wall hung daggers and swords and krises and implements from Malay and Bali and Sumatra and Singapore and Shanghai, and a large picture of a man holding a polo mallet and sitting easily on a pony.

"*Lord,* old Monte," Langy always said with an apologetic and worshipful laugh. "He'd find a place to play no matter where he was. That was in Manila."

Almost as soon as they got back from their honeymoon, Sarah bought a horse for herself and although they didn't ride through town any more, Langy found a path down by the river and they also went up over the railroad tracks to the mesa and galloped toward the mountains. Sarah had a good horse because she bought it from Bob Devoy, who had been a friend of her second husband.

"I had a letter from George last week," she said. "He was asking for you."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Devoy interestedly but tentatively, being a plain man who didn't know how far he could go in discussing a second husband with a lady who now had a third.

The riding rage really began when Sarah and Langy issued their invitations for the morning rides. They started at seven o'clock from The Ranch and ended up there with a big breakfast. Bob Devoy furnished the horses, and the first ride wasn't the social event that the second turned out to be after there had been a great paging through the catalogs of Franklin Simon and B. Altman and wires had been hurried off for riding habits.

The morning rides led naturally into polo where Langy was headed all the time. The vision of old Monte rode him heavier than ever, and the men who went up to the den after dinner for the cigar which could only be bought in Samarang, Java, got to know a great deal about Mr. Cornavon-Montagu, who was never content off a horse.

"*Lord,* old Monte," Langy would say in his awe-struck, reminiscent way. "Did I tell you I had a letter from him in Sumatra? He's in Sumatra. They'd better find him a place to play there or he'll tear down the government house."

Langy staked out a field up on the mesa and put up the goal posts and started banging the ball around, but it wasn't ideal for polo. The soil was adobe and it was baked hard by the sun and the horses couldn't stand it. Langy talked of getting polo ponies, and Bob Devoy went into the matter of prices with him, but so long as there was no field it was little use to think of anything else.

Langy had his eye on the orchard all the time, but he had never quite got to the point where he could bring it up properly with Sarah. When he did finally, she said no. The orchard was directly across the road from Sarah's house and ran from the fence a distance of a hundred yards to the irrigation ditch. There were a few cherry and plum trees near the ditch but the rest were apple trees.

"With the whole mesa up there for a field—" said Sarah, who was hard-headed about some matters.

"But the ground's too hard and we have to walk the horses two miles back here to the stables. You can't do that. Why, we lived right on the field at Shanghai. *Lord,* old Monte—he practically had his meals on horseback."

Sarah could never refuse anything to anybody she loved, and she loved Langy a great deal. When the Armijos boys started at the trees nearest the road, there was some talk in town about it and people began driving down the lane which led from the Peralta Road to the San Jose Road just to see the progress of the tree-felling. Joe and Alessandro Armijo did the cutting, and they had the Bustamente boy to drag the trees to a pile by the fence. In the mornings Langy was apt to be there, hanging over the fence and talking with Joe Armijo. Usually he wore the pith helmet and his riding clothes, with the reins through his arm and the horse following him along as he pointed out the next batch to be attacked.

When Sarah let fall about the orchard in talking with Della over long distance, Della flared up immediately.

"In the name of heaven, what are you doing that for! That's all you have to the place. The house doesn't amount to anything by itself."

"Yes, I know," said Sarah. "I'm ruining the estate."

"You're the funniest damned person I ever heard of," cried Della. "If anybody came out there to buy the place, you'd get twice what it was worth. You can be practical about everything but love. When you love somebody, you'll do anything he wants."

"What's the good of love, otherwise?" asked Sarah.

"Well, for God's sake, you might at least have a little discretion."

"When it gets that way, it isn't love any more," said Sarah.

Sarah first realized that the orchard had a life of its own when Mrs. Sandoval in the kitchen began to act

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queerly. Mrs. Sandoval lived in a house on the lot beside the orchard near the irrigation ditch, and for several days she barely answered when Sarah spoke to her and then she broke down in sobs and refused to give a lunch to the man who had come down from Bernalillo with his plow to dig up the stumps in the orchard. Langy was to have been there to look after the plowing but had gone up to Santa Fé to confer with their polo team about the opening game.

When Langy got back around seven, there was no dinner and the man had gone back home with the plow, more than a little insulted by his reception.

"My God," said Langy. "Do we run our lives for ourselves or for the servants? Can't we do what we want with our own field without asking the cook?"

"Sandoval planted the orchard twenty years ago," said Sarah. "He probably thinks he'll get more pleasure out of seeing the trees grow than seeing you fall off a horse."

But Langy was paying no attention. He threw his coat over the banister, kissed Sarah gaily, and rubbed his hands.

"It's all fixed for Santa Fé," he said. "They're coming down the twentieth. If the field isn't right by then, the next Saturday after. . . .Why the devil did you let that man with the plow get away? Everybody can't do a job like that. You know how long it took us to get that place fixed up in Auckland? Almost a month. Old Monte was crazy. You have to plow it up and then pack it down again."

"Devoy was around about the horse," said Sarah.

"What horse?"

"Mine—the one we owe him for."

"Oh, my God," said Langy, annoyed. "Must we always have that?"

"He needs his money," said Sarah. "He wouldn't be around if he didn't."

"Darling, *must* we go into that again? Because we don't have it now is no sign we aren't going to have it. I've written the Governor again. He'll be damned glad to know I'm settled down when he gets used to the idea. . . . And do you know where I was yesterday? I was in seeing Zellner. There isn't anything there now, but the first opening and I get it."

"I'm not complaining, Langy; we have enough to get along on."

"Yes, damn it!" he said tensely. "That damned fellow and his damned money!"

"George isn't doing it to insult us," said Sarah. "He wanted to do it and he can afford it. Why should you worry just because he happens to be an ex-husband of mine? It's probably worth that much to him to get rid of me."

"Darling," he said, hurt. "Don't say those things. . . ."

Mrs. Sandoval refused to come back and it was a nuisance getting a new cook, but things were running smoothly again by the time Santa Fé came down for the opening match. Langy was busy getting stables enough for the horses and seeing that the field was well rolled. Della was to be a house guest, and Sarah was having a luncheon for the two teams before the match. There was to be a banquet at the Conquistador that night.

There were only a few invited guests to the match, but the town knew about it and cars started parking in the road in both directions from the house while the teams were still at Sarah's luncheon. Cars went by from noon on, stirring up the dirt in the road, and the field was lined on both sides by the time the horses came out to warm up. There were two polo ponies on the Santa Fé side and none on Langy's, but Langy was assuring everybody that by this time next year there would be a different story.

There wasn't much to the game, with Santa Fé scoring twice in the first chukker and three times in the second, and Langy and his team getting nowhere near the goal, but the crowd enjoyed it. If they didn't understand the finer points, they could at least watch Harvey Pollack who was really a bit large for his horse and whose legs when stretched forth hit the ground and when drawn up resembled a jocular uncle riding his nephew's kiddy car. The merriment, which had been restrained politely out of consideration for the toniness of the event, burst forth rather frighteningly when Harvey's horse eventually stumbled under the burden and Harvey went through the air in an amazing mixture of legs and arms and mallet. He was unhurt and got back on his animal by the mere process of standing flat-footed and throwing his right leg over the horse's back, but it had been a dramatic moment. Langy himself was good, charging back and forth in violent effort to save something from the wreck.

He was talking to Sarah when he climbed onto his horse after the second intermission.

"Say," he called, "if you get a cable from Sumatra, don't be bowled over. . . . I wrote old Monte about the new field. *Lord,* you never know what that old devil will do when he hears a thing like that."

He whacked the ball joyfully and trotted out to the middle of the field, waving at Sarah over his shoulder.

Halfway through the chukker, two men suddenly walked onto the field from the sidelines. As Langy came charging up, one of the men held his hand aloft in a commanding gesture and Langy drew up short, fearful of trampling them. The other horses stopped, there was silence from the crowd, and the commanding gentleman could be heard saying:

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"Mr. Hibsen, I have a paper here I've been asked to serve on you."

Langy took the paper without looking at it and said something to the sheriff which could not be heard.

"I know," said the voice of the sheriff, "but Bob Devoy here says you been owin' for the horse for three months and he says he either has to have the horse or the money. You'll be ruinin' the horse, ridin' him around like this."

Langy suddenly threw his leg over the saddle and slid to the ground, throwing the reins to Devoy and walking directly to the fence leading to the house. He had climbed the fence and started across the road before Sarah caught up with him. He looked at her a minute with his face ashen and said not a word and went into the house. The players, stunned, still sat on their horses, looking toward the house. Then they began to hit the ball around lightly as if uncertain what to do and finally they came over to the sidelines and dismounted and stood around. Devoy was leading his horse away and the crowd came out into the middle of the field and stood about embarrassedly and looked at the house and said very little.

Then they saw Langy and Sarah come out the driveway from behind the house and start down the road in her car. Della Burrows came up to the house then and went in and locked the door. The players milled around outside, getting their horses to the stables and raising a commotion, but Della did not come out and nobody went in. The crowd faded away to its cars and in half an hour The Ranch was deserted.

It was about six-thirty when Sarah came back in a taxi. Della heard the car coming up the driveway and went out. Sarah paid the man and stepped out and came up the steps. She was composed, and when she saw Della, she smiled.

"I knew you'd be here, you swell thing," she said, and kissed Della.

They went in, and Sarah took off her coat as if she was just getting back from a tea, fluffed her hair, and got a cigarette.

"Well?" said Della.

"He's gone," said Sarah.

"Car and all?"

"Car and all," said Sarah. "He said he wanted to see a friend, but he knew I knew. I wanted him to have it."

"That Devoy and his damned nag," said Della bitterly.

Sarah made a weary gesture.

"It wasn't Devoy. That was only an incident. It's me and my men. When they're good, like George, I make it hell for them; the others make it hell for me. I love the worthless ones; they're made for me."

"But why did he have to run away; it could have been fixed up!"

"You don't understand the worthless ones, Della; you have to be worthless yourself to do that. They don't amount to anything; it isn't their fault; they can't do anything about it; but they never lose their pride. When that sheriff came out on the field, I never had an illusion. I knew it would only be a question of time till I was applying for a divorce on the grounds of desertion."

"How'd he manage to get out of the house so soon?"

"He didn't change from his riding clothes. . . . Just threw a few things in a bag."

"The picture of old Monte?"

"The picture of old Monte," said Sarah and began to cry and laugh, softly, at the same time.

Della tried to comfort her, awkwardly.

"You'll hear from him; he'll be sending for his things."

"I'll never hear from him; he'll never write," said Sarah. "I know what that worthless pride is."

They stood together in the darkened room, with Della's arms about Sarah. Through the window they could see the outline of the polo field in the moonlight. The hump of the irrigation ditch cut off the distance darkly at the end of the field and the turf, torn from the horse's hooves, lay in a swell of lighted hummocks and clouded valleys. The players' benches at the sides of the field stood grimly businesslike under the shadows of the trees from the adjoining properties.

There was a fitful light burning in the window of the Sandoval house near the ditch at the far end of the field.

"We'll probably be able to get Lola back now," said Sarah. "Langy would have liked that. The new girl never got the chops right."

"Well, you get me," said Della. "I suppose your philosophy is to give marriage every chance, even to being a damn fool, and then if it doesn't work, it doesn't work. . . . Is that it?"

"I suppose so," nodded Sarah absently, her eyes fixed on the window.

They continued to stand in the darkened room and look at the old orchard. The trees in the next field swayed in the night breeze and there was the smell of Spring in the air. Sarah disengaged herself from Della and went to sit in the chair by the window.

"It's rather a tragedy at that, Della," she said finally. "The trees would have begun to blossom in about a week. I was noticing the buds on the Chavez place this afternoon."

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Illinois Miners

By Mary Heaton Vorse

One of the most important labor events in years was the forming of the Progressive Miners of America in Illinois in September, 1932. Their convention in October represented 30,000 miners. Some of the high points of their constitution declare for the "full social value" of all labor's product as goal of the union. It includes such items as old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, education of youth, organization of women, and it limits the powers of officials and cuts their salary to miners' wages. Already 18,000 miners are back at work under Progressive Miners' agreements. Other unions, dissatisfied with crooked and reactionary leadership, are eagerly watching the new union, the spirit of whose rank and file is militant and courageous, and a challenge to their leaders, some of whom are former United Mine Workers of America officials.

TWO THOUSAND men, members of the Progressive Miners of America, assembled outside of the Knights of Columbus Hall in Springfield, Illinois. It was Sunday and they were dressed in their Sunday clothes. The miners lined the sidewalk. They filled the gasoline station opposite. They had come in cars and trolleys from the small mining towns which surround Springfield.

These men were once members of the United Mine Workers of America. They belonged to District No. 12, Illinois, the biggest single mining district. It still comprises 37,000 miners, of which no more than 22,000 now work at one time. Recently the rank and file have split away from the officialdom of the United Mine Workers of America and formed a union of their own, the Progressive Miners of America.

They are now on strike to maintain the old wage scale of $6.10. The agreement expired last April. John Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, signed a new agreement for a $5 wage scale. The rank and file demanded a referendum and claimed that the ballots were spirited away. A strike followed. A tremendous procession of automobiles and trucks filled with miners proceeded into Franklin county. The miners were tear-gassed, cars by the dozen were overturned, one miner was killed and many were wounded. A new organization was then formed.

Today they have gathered here to boo the United Mine Workers, who are holding what they call a "convention." They have now practically none of the rank and file around Springfield. The membership belongs to the Progressive Miners and they are in the streets booing.

"What is the convention about?" we ask.

"It's a strike-breaking meeting. They're planning how to import strike-breakers to pry open the mines."

State troopers come through the crowd. "Leave the sidewalk open, boys," they admonish, not ill-naturedly. Policemen guard the steps of the Knights of Columbus Hall.

A man runs up the steps, warily looking over his shoulder. A great, full-lunged "Boo!" issues from the throats of the crowd. It has derision in it, rather than menace. This is not a fighting crowd, it is a watching crowd. Dan McGill remarks to me:

"That's Bozo. He's an organizer." Dan McGill is president of the Springfield local. He is keeping a tally of who goes in. Another man scuttles into the hall like a scared rabbit. "Boo!" thunders the crowd, which is having a good time.

"It's one of those Herrin gunmen," says Dan McGill, who used to be an official of the United Mine Workers before the split. This rupture took away 90 per cent of the rank and file from the officialdom, and Dan McGill went with the rank and file.

"It took John Lewis thirteen years to get us to make a split," one old miner tells me. "For thirteen years Lewis and his organizers have been making hash of the United Mine Workers."

For many of the miners their union was their religion. Many an old miner joined the union as a boy, in a meeting held in a wood. Every step to unionism of the United Mine Workers was fought in blood.

I can remember Mother Jones saying in 1919, when Lewis was first vice-president and then president of the union:

"Mark my words, John Lewis will sell the miners out. I know John Lewis. He don't think a thing in the world but John Lewis! He's a strong man, and he's a bad man," and she shook her fist in his direction.

Mother Jones did not live to see the Progressive Miners booing at John Lewis's men. But she is said to have cursed him with her dying breath. I seldom saw her that she did not inveigh against the officials of the United Mine Workers. She stormed at their high salaries and the indifference of the highly paid organizers.

Only eighty people have gone into

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the hall. No more are coming. One belated man gets a final boo. The crowd mills softly. It is not a threatening crowd. No one seems to have brought so much as a single piece of "Irish confetti"—a quarter of a brick or a rock—in his pocket.

"Twenty-seven organizers," Dan McGill explains, "and seventeen gun-totters; and there's some scabs, I don't know who they are."

"Them others must be Lewis's rank and file," one miner suggests, grinning. "Eighty men is all that the United Mine Workers can muster, and twenty-seven of them are organizers and all of 'em strike-breakers!"

"The organizers get $10 a day and expenses," some one else explains. "They've got a suite at the Leland," which is the big hotel at Springfield. The crowd sifts around gently, but they do not go away; rather more are added to them. They watch that hall all the afternoon.

II

The troops have been called out in Taylorsville, twenty miles from Springfield. A while ago there was a dynamite explosion which did damage to the headquarters of the United Mine Workers. Another shot of dynamite took off part of the front of the anti-union newspaper, *The Evening Breeze*. No one was hurt. The Progressive Miners were blamed for this. The Progressive Miners' headquarters will tell you:

"This is just an excuse to get the troops out, so they can get a mine opened. We were closed up here 100 per cent. Wasn't any trouble here in Taylorsville."

The miners' headquarters in Taylorsville is on the main square, overlooking it. Men come and men go, men sit around in a large hall used for meetings.

Two by two around the square march the militia boys in their tin hats. Taylorsville is a pleasant little town in the midst of rich Illinois farming country, diversified with coal mines. It was well-to-do country until the depression, and Taylorsville a prosperous town where farmers' wives and miners' wives came to shop. Today, on Sunday, it is quiet and sleepy. It has been quiet all through the strike. There have been no clashes with the police. The reason is that the miners have struck 100 per cent around these parts.

But nevertheless the troops are out, and two by two they walk around. They are very young. They really don't look older than boy scouts. They are the kind of rookies that would make an old army top-sergeant curse himself black in the face. The miners are fine-looking, hard-fisted men. These boys look like chewing-gum boys, and rather dreadful too, as they march around two by two in their tin hats.

The union officials of the United Mine Workers of America agreed with the operators that the wage scale of the miners can be cut $1.10 right now. The miners decide they can't do this. That $1.10 means all the difference between decent living and living not so good. This pay cut will make a difference to the merchants and the prosperity of every one of the mining towns.

It is very difficult indeed to open mines where there are no scabs, in a region organized 100 per cent. It is hard to get people to scab where they are going to have the entire community against them. You really have to have troops under such circumstances, and import strike-breakers. So the old time-worn fake bomb is resorted to.

There are sacks of potatoes in one part of the union hall that had been gathered from the farmers. They tell you about their relief with enthusiasm. Their attorney, Leal Reese, has given them a forty-acre wood lot. They have borrowed motors and sawmills from the sympathetic farmers. They are cutting enough wood not only for their own members but for all the poor families round about. They sell enough firewood to buy their gasoline and oil. They have made their own corduroy road; they have built a bridge. They have their logging-camp boss. In the office they will show you records of the exact number of hours every man and boy worked.

"Too bad it's Sunday," they say, "that you can't go over to the loggin' camp." It is a work of love being done with enthusiasm, something they have planned and carried out themselves. They show with pride a newspaper cutting, a picture of the bridge and of the sawing operations.

"Every able-bodied man and boy in the families served," we are told, "is expected to do some work toward the common supply. Then out of the common supply he draws what that family needs. Right now we are trying to get a load of wood to each needy family first. When the round has been made, we'll start over again. Before the weather gets bad we'll have everybody fixed with wood for the winter."

Dairies have donated milk, which is kept on ice in a nearby restaurant. Tickets are issued to those who need milk, and orders are filled from supply. A soliciting committee goes around in cars and trucks to get food from farmers and storekeepers. The sacks of potatoes we saw, the carrots and other vegetables, were part of such a campaign. One of the committeemen stated:

"We don't just beg for stuff. We will work for what we get. We have gangs out all over helping farmers dig potatoes or do whatever work is to be done. They work on shares and the stuff they get is turned into the office for distribution.

"We are canvassing the town and country by telephone. We ask the women if they are canning any fruit or vegetables. If they are, we tell them that we'll send out a man to do the rough work or anything she needs done, for a small share of the canned goods.

"Most of the farmers are in sympathy with us. Lots of the farmers around here have kin who are miners. They know what it is to be broke because they are broke themselves. They can't get much for their stuff when they sell it in town. They're glad to give us what is left over."

You have a feeling of something warm happening here. They are working together for the common good. They have no money, still they are getting food and wood for the winter, not only for their own people but for the poor families. They have the enthusiasm of people who are doing something in which they believe.

III

The United Mine Workers officialdom and the operators believe that if you can pry open one mine, if you can break the strike in one place, you can break the strike everywhere. They are concentrating on No. 9 Peabody Mine, in the midland district. This mine is outside Langleyville, near Taylorsville. That's the reason for the tin-hat boys with their gas bombs and their bayonets.

Langleyville is an eloquent lesson in

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unionism. There is nothing more bleak than the non-union towns in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, except the non-union towns in Kentucky and Tennessee. Last year I saw striking miners in Lafollette, in Tennessee. They also were striking against the Peabody Company.

I visited their homes, in which there was nothing to eat but a little squash. Many children in all the camp were unable to attend school for want of clothes and shoes. I have never seen such denuded people nor have I since the Russian famine seen faces yellow with long hunger. Their homes were blackened sheds. The rain runs through the roofs, and in winter the cold wind sweeps up through knotholes and cracks in the floor. There are no toilets. People get their water from a single pump. There is neither decency nor privacy. Two families to a home are not uncommon. These conditions obtain in all the unorganized mining communities of the South. In most of these towns there are neither trees nor gardens. Blackened houses all alike stretch their squalor along a mean street, or hang in sordid rows on the side of a mountain.

I shall never forget the union meeting which I attended there. A donation of food had come from the workers of the cities to the miners. They were assembled on a hillside. The American flag flew above their meeting stand. Their clothes were patched and poor beyond those of any American crowd I have ever seen. They were gaunt and thin with want. Two old women wearing sunbonnets stood at one side. A keen February wind whipped their calico dresses around their legs.

One woman said: "Thar it blows—the flag our fathers fit for when they fit for Liberty!"

The other said: "Yes, we ain't any Liberty now. Never seen no money from one year to another, ony scrip. There ain't no liberty. There ain't ony slavery."

Such things could not happen in a unionized field.

In the districts long unionized, such as District No. 12, Illinois, District 14, Kansas, and in the unionized coal fields of Indiana, you have only to go through a town to see what a strong union can do for workers. Langleyville is an example.

Here is a decent tree-shaded village. Little bungalows sit back from the road. More often than not they have gardens. There are roads in the town instead of a gash of mud. It is not impossible here for people to own their own houses, instead of hiring them under a yellow-dog contract from the company. In the unionized towns people are free to trade where they want to, instead of being obliged to trade at the company store. They are paid in money instead of scrip. People in Langleyville can live like human beings. They can have decent furniture and water in their houses. They can have gardens, can partake in a modest fashion of the good things of life. These will not be much. Even in good times a miner works barely two thirds of the time. They know if they lose the strike their conditions will be those of that other Peabody mine in Tennessee.

Everything is quiet in Langleyville. Today is Sunday. No soldiers are present. Day before yesterday, by dint of the tin-hat boys, they opened a mine. Up at union headquarters they knew exactly how many had gone in. One hundred-odd mine bosses, clerical staff workers, scabs. But if with troops they can conduct the scabs in, they can keep the mine open.

We find the house of a friend, and he tells us the story of the arrival of the troops:

"The troops came into town. We go out to look at them. The captain gives the order, 'You go home!' We start to go home—not too quick. So he sets off seven tear-gas bombs. And the wind blows the tear gas into the window of a farmer's wife who's sick. She's sick in bed a long time. . . . I stand in front of my house, and they come and yell at me, 'Go home!' I says, 'I am home.' They say, 'You talk too much. You get in your house and you stay there.' I says, 'I can't stay in my own front yard?' They say, 'You get the hell into your house!' "

We went into his house. It is a fine five-room bungalow. He has a dining room, sitting room, kitchen, and two bedrooms. He has shiny golden-oak furniture, curtains, a piano. There are bright ornaments. There is cleanliness and order. There are flowers on the table, and flowers outside in the yard. Some thrifty hens pick around. Our host is an Italian, which means that he has a good vegetable plot with salads and greens.

My mind reverts to the bleak, blackened sheds where I saw miners of old Revolutionary stock living. I remember another hostess who said:

"When that there squash is gone we won't have nothing to eat unless the aid-house gives us something." I remember one of Mr. Ford's young men turned miner who had tried for a little decency by papering the cracks of his house with newspaper.

The papers said that what the brave soldiers have done is "restored order to Langleyville." They had been, it seems, "forced to disperse a surly mob with tear-gas." We go around the town talking to people who are not miners. Every one tells the same story:

"There was never any trouble at Langleyville. Everybody stays at home. Everybody is striking."

"Were there any meetings?" we ask.

"No, there were no meetings. The only meetings were held at the union hall in Taylorsville."

"Then why the tear-gas bombs?" No one knows. Every one is surprised. They hazard guesses. The captain was nervous. They wanted to scare the miners. They liked putting off tear gas. Reading the riot act has been known since early days. After the reading of the riot act, the populace is supposed to be given time to disperse. But in modern days we know how to do it better. You tell a crowd to disperse, and if they don't do it at once you use tear-gas bombs. If a sick woman happens to be gassed, why no matter.

It seems hard to see how you could raise a "crowd" in this town; it does not seem big enough. Today with the use of machinery the Peabody mine employs a matter of hundreds of men where it employed over a thousand.

There is one single scab in town. The rumor is that he has two guards. We saw him lurking unhappily behind his house. He won't be scabbing long—he won't be scabbing tomorrow, our hostess tells us. When we come the next day, he is not scabbing. He stays at home. He is an Italian, and all his family have been at him to stay home. His brother-in-law has come to reason with him. His sister has come, there's been talk of other relatives arriving. They have begged

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him not to disgrace the family. So he has stayed home and he has petitioned that his name be taken off the "honor roll"—the scab list.

What the miners think of these things they have told in a peppery resolution, but they had a worse fight before them when the Peabody Coal Company attempted to open a second mine when approximately 5000 pickets faced tear-gas bombs and bayonets. They believe in their constitutional rights. They feel that as citizens the troops should protect them and their rights, rather than the property of the coal operators. They are not revolutionists "agin the government" but, as their name implies, progressive.

"WHEREAS, The State military forces are now being used in Christian County to terrify with pistols, rifles and fixed bayonets, blind and choke with tear-gas bombs, peaceful pickets.

"Men, women and children were driven off of their own porches and forced to go into their houses and close their windows to escape from the tear-gas released by the National Guard at Langleyville, Ill.

"Caravans of automobiles, miles in length, carrying coal miners on a peaceful mission to picket in Franklin County were directed and forced to travel the wrong highway by these same Highway Patrolmen for the purpose of being shot and savagely assaulted, and their cars wrecked by gunmen and thugs under the guise of deputy sheriffs of Franklin County.

"Under the leadership of Chief Walter Moody and Adj. Gen. Carlos E. Black, the Highway Patrolmen and State Troop have made a mockery of the Constitution and Laws of Illinois.

"The time has now come when citizens of our great State of Illinois must arise and assert their civil rights, demand that peaceful pickets be allowed in Christian County and any other county in the State of Illinois, and the law be enforced and its violators in official position be removed from authority; therefore be it

"RESOLVED, That we, the members of the Progressive Miners of America, call upon Governor L. L. Emmerson to remove from authority Adj. Gen. Carlos E. Black and Chief of the State Highway Police Walter L. Moody and Sheriff Browning Robinson of Franklin County for their flagrant disregard of the law of Illinois and its Constitution; and be it

"FURTHER RESOLVED, That we call upon Len Small, Republican candidate for Governor, Judge Henry Horner, Democratic candidate for Governor, and W. W. O'Brien, Independent candidate for Governor, and Roy Burt, Socialist candidate for Governor, to state their position on the important question of the right to peacefully picket, and what action they would take when private corporations ask for the use of the State Police and military forces to act as strike-breakers, and at the same time deprive citizens of the privilege of assembling for the purpose of seeking redress.

"By order of Progressive Miners of America, Sub-district No. 4:

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE,
DAN MCGILL, *Chairman,*
HUGH TALLY, *Secretary.*

Dated at Springfield, Ill., this the 24th day of September, A.D. 1932."

IV

We drive back from Langleyville, where—in spite of the troops, in spite of tear-gas—there is hope in the air.

"It's a pity you can't stay and meet some of the Ladies' Auxiliary," they tell us. "The women are taking hold of it. They march with the men, they work with the men." The Women's Auxiliary held a convention original in labor history.

We pass the Knights of Columbus Hall on the way home. The crowd has not yet dispersed. It is still milling around. A tremendous boo goes up. The miners have waited to boo back to the Leland Hotel the "convention" of eighty union officials and scabs and gunmen whose meeting has been held for the purpose of breaking the strike of the Progressive Miners of America.

"There is no difference to Lewis now than there used to be," the miners will tell you. "Lewis used to break strikes quietly. Now he's out in the open."

We followed the crowd on its outskirts. They were massed now around the Leland Hotel. Suddenly there was a fracas. People were fighting. Miners came running. There was a shot. There were more shots. Rumors spread through the crowd. Police came up. Patrols arrived.

"Look out! They are going to use tear-gas," some one called.

All around the street near the Leland there was a struggling mass. We went around to the headquarters of the Springfield local to find out what happened. A miner gasped as he passed:

"The Lewis thugs have shot the chief detective! They've shot and killed our men!"

We learned gradually that the riot had been caused by a wordy battle between some of the Progressive Miners and the thugs. One of the "thugs" challenged the miners to start something. A fist shot out. The gunmen opened fire. Little Dan McGill, with whom I'd been talking, lay wounded. So did Dominic Gigirolana. Detective Williams died and eight more were hurt.

The miners closed in on the gunmen and disarmed them and the fight went on. None of the miners was arrested. Thirty of the Lewis organizers and gunmen were in jail.

Up near the Leland Hotel the miners still choked the streets. They moved on, but they came back. And they booed.

A paragraph of the statement issued by the Progressive Miners reads:

"The battle which took place between the rank-and-file miners and the imported gunmen of the Lewis-Walker faction was the culmination of weeks of terror and intimidation that the corrupted leadership of the United Mine Workers of America has instigated against the miners of Illinois. . . . No force of terror can shatter our ranks. The Progressive Miners of America will hold their forces intact until victory is assured. The incident is doubly regrettable. We have conducted the strike along the ethical lines of the labor movement. . . . We intend to attack no one, but rest assured we will defend ourselves on all occasions."

Another episode has been added to the bloody fight between the United Mine Workers of John Lewis and the new Union.

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I'm Going Home

A CAROLINIAN DECIDES HE IS NOT MADE FOR A CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

By J. McBride Dabbs

I DON'T know when it began. A long time ago surely. As far back as the lives and times of my parents those traits began to crystallize which have set me at last on the homeward journey. For I find myself turning away from the patently—I almost said blatantly—co-operative ventures of men, and looking backward to the years and the moods of my youth. I'm going home.

But not to rest; to work. I have frittered away time enough playing the game that most men play. I'm not seeking, I think, any golden past, moved by vain regrets for a tarnished present. I am settling myself, as Thoreau said; wedging my feet "downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and . . . delusion, and appearance" till I come to a hard bottom and rocks in place. I find that hard bottom in my childhood and youth. I also find there, clearly plotted, the opening segment of the curve of my life. I do not regret my wandering; it is a part of myself. Without it, I might not have come to this place, here on the road home.

Attempting to chart the way I have come, I begin with my birthplace. An old Southern community, of English and Scotch-Irish stock, Presbyterian in faith; its centre Brick Church, solid, imposing, classic, built in the 1840's on a church site dating from Colonial times. Here in my childhood a few families still attempted, however vainly, to hold together the great plantations of ante-bellum days. The community was shut in on the east by deep forests of long-leaf pine, on the west by the mile-wide swamp of Black River. At the time of my birth there was no crossing for seven miles up or down. One of my earliest memories is of the building of McBride's Causeway: the countless mule-teams, with drag and wheel scrapes, the grinding of the wheels in the sand, the shouts of the Negro drivers. Though I did not know it then—for I had never heard of Homer—the building of this causeway was an Iliad to me: over both the dust of earth and the unearthly gleam, in both the crunch of the chariot wheels and the shouting of the drivers.

Beyond our walls of trees were outlandish communities, Concord and Shiloh. Between these walls, along the old state road, stretched the farms I knew. This road ran from Kingstree, thirty miles to the south, to Bishopville, thirty miles to the north, and it cut Middle Salem like an arrow. Overhead the branches of the trees almost met and the sky was a ragged line between the green. As a child I walked to school through endless arches toward the far-off, storied King's Tree, the towering pine marked by a Carolina colonist "to be the mast of some great ammiral." It was years before I knew of Milton, but from earliest days I knew of Tories and Red-Coats; and the Red-Coats had marched this road. The Tories had slunk in the background, and here and there one had been properly hanged from a live-oak limb. Sumter and Marion, vigilant in the swamps, had haunted the foreign invaders. All this was on the road to Kingstree. With proper incentive we children might have made of the Bishop's-Ville a legend. But trust a strict Presbyterianism never to make this suggestion. We knew of kings; they were at least romantic. But bishops did not exist.

I was born within a hundred yards of this road and spent my boyhood amid these isolated scenes. From earliest childhood I looked between tall pines, across a mile of fields, to the horizon line of the swamp and the evening sky beyond. Behind this black line—red and gold in autumn—beyond this yellow sky, was the world. But the dividing line was too heavy to let us think much about it. Margined by this mystery of swamp, wearing these flaming colors, the world doubtless was romantic. But it was vague and far away, and certainly not so good as the world we lived in. Though alone, we were not lonely. We knew there was more stir beyond the River, but we were here, and we were satisfied.

Here my mother spent her life. Her family owned thousands of acres of land, and in ante-bellum days had owned many slaves. Some of the old Negroes were still living, and delighted to call my mother "Young Missis" (to distinguish her from "Ole Missis," my grandmother) and my uncle "Mossa." I once heard old Aunt Charlotte say, after my uncle's death, that when she got to heaven the first person she would meet would be "her Jesus," and then she would see "Marse Guy" again. For the McBrides had long ago achieved importance, and could afford now simply to be kind. Naturally they were sceptical of reforms and reformers. "Ideals are a sin, Alice," said my uncle, once, to my aunt, "people ought to love God." That statement puzzled me, for my uncle was one of the finest men I have ever known; but I think now he meant we should not fall in love with our own ideas or ideals but should be kind, and true, and honorable—that is, love God. Perhaps dry rot—complacency—was creeping into the family; perhaps they needed an infusion of new blood; but they were the inheritors of the culture of the Old South.

The new blood came with my father. Poor, with little education, early thrown on his own resources by the death of his father, and with a grandmother, a mother, and a younger brother to support, my father came into the community as overseer for the Witherspoons, neighbors of the McBrides. In the end he married Maude McBride and some thousands of acres of land. But the South was land poor, then as now, and years of hard work and scheming were necessary. He worked hard because he was trained to it, and because his situation in an aristocratic community com-

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pelled him to succeed. I don't think he thought himself better than others, but he knew that no one else was better than he. As a man of action, he was a severe critic of the more leisurely group around him.

Perhaps the chief lesson that our childhood taught us was self-dependence. Cut off from the world, with no near neighbors, we might have depended upon our parents if they had permitted and if they had been enough alike. But they were too different and too self-sufficient for us to fall back upon them. Seeing them standing apart, we fell back upon ourselves; but since we felt that at heart they were together our self-reliance was tinged by a vague sense of inter-dependence. We learned the lesson of difference in unity. This self-reliance was, in the beginning, a mode of action, not of thought. The heir of a rich culture, my mother was satisfied. My father, both by temperament and by necessity, was a man of action. If I have learned independence of thought, it is the result of my independence of action. My childhood memories contain many actual adventures, few adventures in thought.

I remember, when I was four or five, walking alone, for the first time, down the long avenue through the woods to my grandmother's. First there was an arched brick bridge to cross. Whether or not I knew of trolls, things could hide under arches. Luckily there was nothing that day. Worse than the bridge were the blown-down trees beside the road, whose up-rooted stumps ("harricanes," we called them) were covered with pine needles and vines, and sheltered bears. Or so I thought. It never occurred to me to turn back, but I went in fear and trembling the whole way.

I remember again, when I was fourteen and fifteen, riding my bicycle, alone, to school, reciting my individual lessons, and riding home. Some time ago I walked along the woods road, now deserted, over which I had ridden so many times. As I recalled the past, the feeling came over me that this road led back into it, that here I had ridden, not merely to school, but up through the years into life. This road, then, was the symbol of self-reliance. Along its lonely stretches, I had learned to go, at my own gait, my own way.

For life was an individual affair, working or playing. There were too few of us for athletic teams; and on the farm we usually had our individual tasks. We learned to trust ourselves. But not too much. Anxious talk of the weather, the cessation of work on rainy days, the scorching heat of the sun, early gave us the sense of a destiny, beyond us, in the skies. We learned to watch the clouds. This lesson was driven home when, as a boy, I began to plant my own acre of corn. Having made an excellent crop the first year, I thought that all I needed for a greater yield per acre was more corn. I planted it. But I overlooked God—that is, the weather. All through the tasseling and shooting period it didn't rain. Though the corn stayed green, the ears remained nubbins and the growing season passed.

I learned that year a part of my religion. Perhaps it is a pagan religion; the religion of a *paganus,* of a countryman. Its equivalent in fighting terms is Cromwell's advice to his Ironsides: "Trust God, and keep your powder dry." Paul knew it: "I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase." What has man to do with success? There are the "wet droughts" and the "dry droughts," the down floods, the up floods, and the acts of God. Do your work; and watch the clouds.

And go to church on Sunday. My memory does not carry me back to the time when I did not go to church on Sunday. Sickness was the only excuse; but for the most part I don't think we minded going. Well, there wasn't any use. Minding Sunday school and church was like minding thunder storms in summer. They happened, that was all. So, every Sunday we sat through Sunday school and then through a fairly long and I suppose fairly dry sermon. But as little children we knew nothing about the sermon. We were busy with the lunch—usually plain biscuits—that Mother brought, in a paper bag, for us. Or trying to keep our feet braced against the pew in front, and being brought out of a doze by feeling them slip and hearing the noise of our scraping heels, like thunder. Or giving up entirely and sleeping with our heads on Mother's or on Father's knees. When we became old enough to stay awake through the sermon, Father began taking a nap, a custom which he continues to the present day. And it's a pleasant custom, with the droning of the preacher's voice above your head, and, in summer, the whispering of the wind in the trees beyond the windows. For this was the old Brick Church, immediately surrounded by oaks and pines draped with gray Spanish moss. Southward stretched open fields, in my memory always flooded with sunlight; the glare almost hurt your eyes, and afterwards the church was cool and dim. As we grew older, we consciously observed the beauty of this world beyond the windows. Inside all might be dark and stern, but outside, on summer days, lay mottled sunshine and shade, and the gray moss waved eternally as in a dream.

We went to church on Sunday morning—and that was all. Being good Presbyterians, we did not go out into the highways and hedges and bring in the sinners. God would call his own elect. In fact, as I remember it, we had very few sinners. The old families were, of course, all Christians. There were as yet few white tenants. The Negroes might get to heaven—but through their own church "Good-Will." We did have a disreputable blacksmith, who had never read Longfellow, and who possessed perhaps more than one wife; but he was too far gone to have any chance of being God's elect; we didn't suppose God could make a mistake like that. So we used him as an example of sin, and learned to be better ourselves. Co-operative religion, religious humanitarianism, A-1 Sunday schools—we had never heard of them. Religion was a mood, neighborly, reverent, and, as I see it now, poetic. Religion was a rest from life. Six days we lived—that is, we labored. It scarcely occurred to us to test the seventh day, the sabbath of blessed rest, by the same hard standards of reality.

There is a hewn log, weathered and mossed at the edges, that lies along the south side of the church. Here, during Sunday school, the men sat and talked of the crops and the weather. This was the seat of the mighty. All the boys looked forward to completing the Shorter Catechism and sitting out the Sunday school hour with the men.

According to the standards of the

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community we were good on Sunday; and Father saw to it that we did a good job the rest of the week. Between Father and the weather we learned the religion we practised—if you can call it a religion. We never called it that, but I think now that that's what it was. Father had barely heard of Shelley, but he believed in perfection. Walking home from school one day when I was about ten, I remarked to my brother, "The trouble with Father is, he thinks this is heaven." It goes without saying that he didn't make it heaven for those around him. Unless, after all, "order is heaven's first law." Only occasionally, however, did Father seek heavenly order, that is, beauty. Once, when staking off the ground for a new house, he spent nights sighting the north star between the pines. It still amuses us to remember that, somehow, he missed it: the house doesn't face exactly south. Usually he was concerned with order only for earthly ends. His practical sense overcame his sense of beauty. I remember some of the abominably ugly wire fences he built. A straight stretch of wire drawn all out of line to make it tighter. It was better that way, he said, and that ended it. "Bad fences make bad cattle," he once remarked, in an aphorism worthy of Robert Frost, of whom he had never heard. He built fences cattle couldn't jump. I don't suppose the ugliness ever hurt the cows.

The chief effect upon me was that I finished the jobs I began. And there wasn't any noble ideal about it either. I don't remember that, as a child, I had any one quote to me Robert E. Lee's famous remark, "Duty is the noblest word in the English language." And I'm thankful for that. What we did had to be done; there was no talk of duty. In fact there was little comment of any kind, except of condemnation if the job wasn't finished. Nor were we told that life was a serious thing. It was—without insistence. In spite of my mother, ours was predominantly a Puritan household.

With this equipment, at sixteen I entered the state university. Though I did not know it then, that was the beginning of my venture into the world of cooperative action. Since life was a serious thing, I did my work as well as I could. And what was my work? Remember, I was not consciously trained in independence of thought; and life had not yet taught me what my parents had overlooked. My work, then, was what public opinion assigned me; and public opinion, careless of the fitness of the man for the job, assigns to him all the work he will do. Consequently, I found myself in practically every college organization, holding positions of responsibility in many of them. I found myself playing class football, because a man ought to play for his class. And I found myself in the Student Volunteer group, because the greatest need—so I was told by a zealous recruiter—was on the mission field. As if my own traits and capacities had nothing to do with it! Ah, these people who would save the world have little regard for the saviours! What doth it profit a man to save the whole world and lose his own soul? Well, I didn't lose mine, but I don't deserve the credit—if any—for saving it. Circumstances kept me at home until I had sense enough to know I should stay there.

This was during college. After college, I found myself, along with several million other "good" Americans, in the army. I had about as much independence of thought as any of them. We were all terribly serious, perhaps even noble. During those days I was approaching, I think, General Lee's attitude. But in my temporary devotion to duty I did not entirely forget myself. I determined to be, if possible, a lieutenant. A man *ought* to be all that he can. I refused, therefore, the chance to begin as corporal in that division which was later, at immense cost, to help the British break the Hindenburg Line—missing thereby, perhaps, a glorious death—and became a second lieutenant in the field artillery, with a year's tour abroad, a promotion, and never a shot fired at the enemy. But I had done my duty. I had had the ability to be a lieutenant, and I had been one. It wasn't my fault if I couldn't be a hero too.

After the War, my most serious cooperative venture was scholarship. But, you say, scholarship is an individual affair. Ah, you haven't tried. Scholarship, like culture, is pursued in America in bands. There are rules and regulations only distantly related to reason and truth and beauty. Scholarship in America is the art of being serious about nothing. Well, you say, my serious training should have fitted me for this. No. To be serious is proper. To be serious about nothing is sinful. Life is significant. Anyway, though I was serious when I began—indeed, filled with high hopes for the discovery of truth—I've been smiling now for several years. And I'm still not quite a scholar.

Well, I've tried other things. I've taught Bible classes. I'm still a member of the church, and of the American Legion. By a fluke, I once let myself be elected vice-commander of our Legion post. But there's one mistake I haven't made: I'm not a member of any "Service" club. Oh well, perhaps I haven't been asked to join; but I have an idea I could have pulled the ropes if I had been so foolish. Not that I necessarily think the members of these clubs foolish. I'm not talking about them; I'm speaking for myself. Clubs are not for me. I like individuals, but when the machinery of organization intervenes I lose interest. At sixteen I ventured into a highly organized world. As I see it now, that venture is drawing to a close. I'm going home.

Why? Because I have failed? Not according to average standards, I think. But what have I gained? There have been gains, of course. A broader and deeper understanding of men, a certain sense of comradeship. But beyond this—mostly negative things. I've been engaged in learning where life for me does *not* exist. A necessary knowledge, it is true, but one doesn't wish to spend all his time learning it. When one knows it, he wishes to go on, or, as in my case, back to the springs of life. To me, most organizations simply don't matter. I'm no mechanic, to tinker forever with their machinery; nor am I a statesman, to use them.

But I doubt if dissatisfaction with my venture into the highly organized world would have been enough to make clear to me the road I'm going now. Some time ago, after an absence of years, I visited my boyhood home. Those days and nights showed me what I wanted. More explicitly, the day and the night there, the sun, the moon, and the stars, taught me. I slept again in the room that I had occupied as a boy. During the night I heard the ceaseless piping of the

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frogs in the ponds nearby. I rose and went to the window. The moon had just cleared the tall pine before the house. From far off to the south came the murmur of a breeze. Steadily the noise increased until the pines about the house were all sighing together. And I was sure that these sights and sounds held the secret of my life. The years had passed, and I had changed—oh, I had lost many things—but here was something changeless, binding my present to my past. It even amused my fancy to think that the same frogs that piped through my boyhood nights were piping still; as perhaps the same wind was blowing—at least, it blew from the south; as surely the same moon silvered the same trees. And then I remembered that still the wind would blow, and the moon shine after a thousand years, and I not there to see. Unchanging nature, giving me back my past, was powerless to project me into any distant future. The moon, being dead, could live; I should have to die. But this was a passing mood. I had learned where to find myself. In proportion as I understood these dear objects about me, I should understand myself, for they, having helped to form me, had become a part of me. With them were both my physical and my spiritual home. I was so sure of this that I, who until that moment had never had the least preference as to where—or even whether—I should be buried when I died, now felt that when it was all over it would be good to sleep beneath the long-leaf pines, here in this quiet grove. Here I should be always at home.

And always in the presence of the noblest symbol of religion that I know. A pine. With its tap-root sunk, through sand and loam, deep into clay, its trunk straight and clean, its branches against the sky. Sure of itself, at peace, steadfast. A pointer from earth's centre to the zenith, itself a part of that earth, whirled forever eastward to take the first rays of the morning sun upon its topmost branches, it whispers in quiet and moans in storms its message from the stars.

So, these days, I'm on my way back. Men may call it defeat, cowardice, selfish individualism. What does it matter? I am seeking a hard bottom and rocks in place. What if I am an anachronism, a survival of the pioneer in an age that does not need him, needs rather the socialized man? We must cooperate, we are told, or our civilization is lost. And I think it's true. (Though when I ride on the New York subway at six P.M. I have doubts about our civilization.) I'm in favor of the League of Nations, the World Court, etc., etc. I will give them my moral support—whatever that means. But organize them, and run them—I'm sorry, it isn't my job. My children perhaps will learn it. Groups of people are as natural to them as trees are to me. I will go back to the trees, and listen again to the lessons they taught me as a boy. It is barely possible that some of those lessons may be of value even to the highly socialized world of today.

One doesn't get cock-sure, where I am going; the 1929's are never an absolute surprise. I have seen a hundred acres of cotton in September, the beautiful product of man's sweat under the summer sun, fleecy white at morning, at evening torn, bedraggled, beaten into the sand by the fury of an equinoctial storm. There is something beyond. Man may be the noblest work of God, but the universe seems sometimes to forget it. So, it's sit quiet, and watch; and when the storm is over tighten your belt and plant your crops again.

For the moon may be right next time. And spring comes on forever. Though it may be four months to the harvest, at last the harvest is sure. One must abide the rhythm of the seasons—spring, and summer, and autumn. Country-men move slowly but they arrive. They do not watch the seasons entirely in vain.

I remember, as a boy, many and many a night standing in our back yard at nine o'clock and hearing, through the pines, across an interval of seven miles, the night express go by. The note of the whistle was sweetened by distance. At moments we even heard the roar of the train crossing a trestle. Then, silence. And the pines and the stars. Once more we had been assured that, though we lived on the outskirts, we lived in the world. And now, surrounded again by this quiet, I shall hear, far off like muted music, the noise of industry, of commerce, and of the clubs. I may smile ironically at times, for at times it may seem like the noise of lost men saving one another. But I shall often be moved to admiration, and to wonder that men play so well the hard game of life. If I choose to play alone, they choose to play together. I will return to myself, to the years and the scenes, long lost, on the road to Kingstree. Again the western sky, beyond the River, will reflect strange and noble deeds. The world will work its work, I mine. I'm going home.

OVERTONES

By Gilbert Maxwell

You have a way of saying fearful things
So wistfully it takes my breath away;
It always seems your thoughts have taken wings
To soar above the little words you say.

Once I remember on a windy walk,
You said, "Perhaps we should not care too much.". . .
And bent your touselled head and turned to talk
Of books and personalities and such.

The phrase was simple and the words were small,
But suddenly I shivered in the cold;
Far off, I heard a hungry coyote call
And frightened sheep woke bleating in the fold.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today

YOU AND THE NEXT BOOM

By George Dock, Jr.

Are you ready to jump into the market with the new prosperity?

EVERY authority who has enlightened us on the multitude of origins of the latest depression has agreed with his fellows in one respect, at least. They have all condemned the American speculative frenzy of the past decade as one of the major chords in the whole symphony of onrushing calamity. In the rancor born of our own suffering, we have joined in denouncing that engulfing mania and its unhappy outcome. Yet we treat it as something that is well behind us, and in which we played no part, save as its victims. We wear no hair-cloth shirt. In our laments, one suspects there is more of pain than of penitence.

What is more revealing is that, with all our invective against the rise and collapse of that house of cards, it is still no easy task to find any one who has resolved to deny himself the pleasure of future speculative activities. In fact, it is hard to rout out any one who is not hopefully waiting for the green traffic lights of a new Prosperity to open the road to his own profit once again, through a delightful vista of rising security prices. We take up our newspaper, and scan the financial pages eagerly to see whether the latest decline has halted, or whether the latest rise still continues. Any advance lasting more than a week brings a great increase in the volume of shares traded in, reflecting prompt popular participation. We are still convinced, in short, that the way to make a great deal of money is to buy securities or other assets which we will sell as soon as possible for more than we paid for them.

This viewpoint is not peculiar to the professional Wall Street operator. It has become a firmly accepted national philosophy. It was conceived in the teachings of pioneers who watched the skyscrapers soar from log cabins which their own hands had built. It has been carried forward by a steady succession of speculative tides which, even as they broke and sank into the sand, gave visions of new waves still driving toward the shore.

Our common standard of value in financial matters is not based upon careful determination of what a security or a real-estate plot is really worth, in the sober coinage of risk and yield. On the contrary, we are always glad to pay *any* price, no matter how high or how low the market quotation may be, provided, solely, that we believe that we can dispose of our purchase soon at a higher figure. This exciting pursuit of gain allows us to dispense with such moss-grown notions as security and actual earning power, for neither is of any great moment in a bond, stock or beach lot which we have no intention of holding more than a few months. We remain true to the pioneer heritage of hoping to sell out at a profit, and moving onward. How far has this principle of pseudo-economic strategy led us toward the enjoyment of life, now that the last frontier is gone?

II

Several millions of us report our incomes to the Federal Government each year. The revenue of this group of people amounts to nearly 30 per cent of the income of the nation's whole population. Our income-tax blanks segregate the various items of our income according to its source—wages, rents, dividends and so on. The annual reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue mass these separate items from all the millions of people who file returns. Thus, it is possible to find out how much we received from all sources, and to see how those amounts fluctuate from year to year. Here we have the mirror of our prosperities and our depressions.

For the year 1922, for example, 6,787,481 persons filed Federal income-tax forms. Their net income was $21,336,212,000, more than 64 per cent of which came from wages or salaries. In that same year, the trifling fraction of 4.6 per cent of all income reported from individuals was represented by two combined items, namely, profits on the sale of stocks, bonds and other assets held two years or less, and capital gains from the sale of similar assets held more than two years. The amount of "income" reported from those two items in 1922 was $991,350,000, or an average of $146 for every person who filed a return.

Now let us watch the development of a typical American "prosperity." Those two combined items of gains and profits grew very rapidly larger in nearly every year from 1922 up to 1928 and 1929. As the following table shows, the increase in income so received ran side by side with the yearly rise in the average price of industrial stocks, and with the advance in the daily average number of shares sold on the New York Stock Exchange.

THE RISE OF THE SPECULATIVE STRUCTURE

Year	*Reported Income from Profits and Capital Gains* (000 *omitted*)	*Dow-Jones Yearly High, Industrial Stocks*	*Daily Average Volume of Sales, N. Y. Stock Exchange* *Shares*
1923	$1,168,499	$105.38	809,547
1924	1,513,713	120.51	954,288
1925	2,932,228	159.39	1,541,515
1926	2,378,542	166.64	1,546,855
1927	2,894,581	202.40	1,889,515
1928	4,807,921	300.00	3,125,636
1929	4,684,559	381.17	3,864,817

Two facts relating to this table deserve mention. More than $21,000,000,000 of income was reported from realized gains and profits in the seven-year period, and of that sum, greater than our present national debt, *more than 63 per*

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cent was drawn from the sale of assets held less than two years. Secondly, in 1928, *no less than 19.1 per cent of all net income* reported by individuals came from those two sources, as against 4.6 per cent in 1922, when the tax base was somewhat broader, and 10.8 per cent in 1926, when the base was the same as in 1928.

We received over 4800 millions of dollars in 1928 and over 4600 millions in 1929, simply through our speculative ventures. Such astronomical sums are not easy to grasp, except by concrete illustration. That yearly "income" substantially exceeded the entire combined farm values of the American corn, wheat, and cotton crops produced in those respective years. It was well above the total value of our import trade, and only slightly below the value of our vast export trade in the corresponding years. It was considerably larger than the aggregate retail value of all motor cars and trucks manufactured in the United States in the same two years. It was more than *eighteen times* the amount of the international debt payments due the United States Government in those years. These instances suggest how great a debt *we* owed to speculative pursuits.

III

The tremendous rise in the amount reported yearly as profits and capital gains and the equally impressive advance in common stock prices and the physical volume of stock exchange activity are astonishing enough in themselves. They become even more incredible when we refresh our minds with the fact that this unprecedented speculative movement was warmly endorsed by not a few responsible bankers and industrial leaders. It was passionately acclaimed by many lesser luminaries, and by a garrulous train of statistical service bureaus whose words were loud and golden. Yet it had no foundation in any corresponding increase in individual incomes as a whole, in bank deposits, in corporate net incomes, nor even in dividends disbursed to the same group of people whose income-tax returns cite the amazing growth of their revenue from gains and profits alone. The magic spell had bewitched counsellor and clown alike, and common sense seemed ridiculous by its failure to be half so profitable as folly.

ECONOMIC BACKGROUND OF THE SPECULATIVE ADVANCE

Year	*Individual Net Incomes Reported (after deducting capital gains and profits)*	*Total Deposits All Banks*	*All Corporate Net Incomes Reported*	*Dividends Reported in All Individual Tax Returns*
(000,000 *omitted in each of the four columns*)				
1925	$18,962	$47,612	$ 9,584	$3,465
1926	19,578	49,733	9,673	4,012
1927	19,651	51,662	8,982	4,255
1928	20,418	53,398	10,618	4,351
1929	20,116	53,852	11,654	4,786

Our scrutiny of the incomes and profits of the boom epoch leads us on to the year 1930, when, of course, a great change had come about. The vast revenue which individuals reported from speculative sources had suddenly slipped away from $4,674,559,000 in 1929 to a paltry $1,325,061,000 in 1930, a very much smaller amount of money than these people had enjoyed from those sources in any year since 1923. *The mere failure of inflated security prices to rise* above their insuperable peaks had automatically choked off a flow of billions of dollars of income which, in 1928, had actually been equal to $1181 for each reporting taxpayer, or 44 per cent of the amount which these same persons had received in wages and salaries!

Even if some Congressional legerdemain could have been applied to maintain security prices at their peak; even if all the stock exchanges had been closed and clandestine trading suppressed, a sharp cut in personal buying power was, nevertheless, absolutely inescapable, once the speculative advance itself was checked. No branch of trade or industry could long avoid its repercussions. This abrupt lopping off of profits and the increasingly high cost of speculation may well have been the essential cause of the slump in consumption early in 1929, which was the first stage of depression. Painful as it was, however, it proved to be only the first of two allied disasters. The other was the ensuing collapse of the price structure, drastic from the start, and continuing for nearly three years with hardly a breathing spell, until the entire fabric of domestic and international trade was torn apart.

IV

One classic instance of what the crash of common stock prices involved is afforded by the quoted value of all stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone. That value plunged from $89,668,276,854 in September, 1929, to $15,633,479,577 in July, 1932, a shrinkage of more than 82 per cent. Here again, we face a figure whose meaning can only be significant by illustration. That loss of $74,000,000,000 in quoted value was equal to 20 per cent of the entire value of all physical property in the United States in 1929, as calculated by the National Industrial Conference Board. It was not far short of the income of the entire population of the nation in the same year. It exceeded by a good margin the *combined* value of all of our manufactures and our three leading agricultural crops in that year. It was equivalent to more than 35 per cent of the estimated cost of the World War *to all of the nations engaged.*

At the same time, that 74-billion-dollar decline did not even include the 10-billion-dollar shrinkage in the quoted value of bonds listed on the same exchange, to say nothing of the price deflation on a score of other stock exchanges and the thousands of unlisted issues of bonds and shares. From all of these declines, certainly the aggregate "paper" and actual losses to holders ran to more than $100,000,000,000. A paper loss may be a purely imaginary calamity, but it is a powerful brake upon the buying of goods. A man who considers himself "worth" $100,000 in securities, even if he paid only $50,000 for them, will reduce his expenditures amazingly when he discovers that his capital has melted away to $15,000. When that man is only one among millions in similar or worse case, with aggregate losses more than five times as great as the national debt, we have only to recall the stagnation and unemployment of the past year to know the effect upon all business activity.

So great a fall in speculative prices, spreading a loss so vast in its extent, reflected from the beginning just one single, driving impulse on the part of millions of "investors"—their blind frenzy to heave overboard every realizable asset for whatever it might bring, in the fear that if they waited longer it would bring even less. Intrinsic worth had

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carried no weight in guiding the original purchase of those same securities. It had no weight whatever in halting their instant sacrifice. They were bought for a quick profit. They were sold in terror. As the mad liquidation proceeded, credit and confidence prudently vanished. Mistrust and hoarding took their place.

It is beside the point whether the 20 billions of dollars of corporate and private credit—3 billions of it from foreign lands where the need for it was urgent—which were drawn into the speculative water-spout to support an ever-rising price movement might better have been employed to make actual goods and to distribute them. It is unprofitable to inquire whether the world's economic machine might have moved forward with no serious breakdowns but for the temporary stimulus of billions of dollars each year from American speculative gains. The indisputable reality is that the savings and borrowings of great numbers of people were used to create a price advance from which, for a time, many of those people realized *actual income,* and spent it freely for foreign and domestic products and in travel, incidentally expanding trade and industry beyond their natural bounds, both here and abroad. When that enormous income disappeared, the initial shock of deeply reduced buying power paved the way for progressive dislocation in every field of production and finance, complicated by international obligations which depended upon unbroken stability of commerce for their payment.

V

Deflation has gone most of its course. The slow tide of recovery is running. It is no time for curbs and shackles upon the machinery of speculation. On the other hand, it is not too soon for the thinking individual to decide just how far he will ride the careening vehicle of the forthcoming upturn. He would do well to cultivate his sense of values, and a policy of detachment from the innate cupidity and pathetic optimism which, multiplied in the mass, lead on to our insensate spasms of speculative fury. The hopes and dreams that underlie these rising markets are surpassed in absurdity only by the gripping fright which overtakes the same men and women when the last bare peak has been climbed, and the chasm of loss and sacrifice opens fatefully before them.

There are, indeed, only two alternatives. On one hand, we can each try to build a personal financial philosophy more sane, more exacting and considerably more heroic, at the last, than our American haste-to-riches policy of the past. If we make no effort in that direction, then we may well plan for a repetition of the reckless flights and shocking crashes by which our earlier exploits in speculation have carried us all so far beyond rational limits, and brought civilization so near to chaos.

It is not as if we faced some immutable element of human nature which hurls us into these speculative transports in spite of ourselves. Considering how hard it is to sustain a toddling child's belief in Santa Claus, it is only remarkable how readily the parents can be convinced of that gentleman's existence when their eyes turn to finance. From just such credulous clinging to the incredible our earlier booms took form, in the pioneer tradition. It is time that we leave it behind, with the muzzle-loader and other demonstrably perilous gear.

BUSINESS GIRL

By Helen Woodward

For two years I conducted a syndicated column in the newspapers for women in jobs. Doing this I learned that the women who work for a living in the United States do not want to be considered either as "working" or as "women." The day of "ladies" has passed and they know it, but for them the day of women has not yet arrived. What they'd like to be called is "girls in business."

At first this bothered me. I could not use so idiotic a phrase as "business girls." But since I wanted to have some influence with my readers, I made awkward compromises like "women who work" or "girls who work."

It would be natural to assume from this that most of the letters I got in reply to this series were silly, but that was not so. The women who read these pieces were rarely silly about the everyday practical business of getting a weekly pay envelope. Their minds acted with clear practicality on that problem and only became vague on the theories or basic facts that underlay the pay envelope. They acted exactly like the housewife who knows who has the cheapest eggs per dozen in her neighborhood and how to tell if those eggs are fresh, but who hasn't a quiver of a notion about why they're cheaper.

About two-thirds of the letters asked for definite information. Strangely enough these were the hardest to answer. There is an amazing lack of reliable organized information of practical use to working women.

I had many letters from nurses who wanted to work in country districts, so I wrote to the head of several training schools; also to the American Academy of Medicine, the American Medical Association, and the American Nurse's Association. The combined result of their answers was zero. A nurse who has had some experience in country districts told me that in some States (she did not know just which) it is a good idea to apply to the Secretary of State. It took me weeks to gather this lack of information. Now if I can't find the answer, what chance has the average nurse?

Or take a stenographer who wants to know if there is a market for Spanish stenography; is it worth her while to learn it? Or a girl just out of school who isn't sure whether it's better to be both a stenographer and a bookkeeper, or should she specialize in one of the two? Or the widow who wrote me that she had no training except in housework, and could she be a stewardess on a steamship? I'd hate to tell you how long it took me to find out that jobs as stewardess in most cases go to the widows and relatives of sailors, and that the outsider has no chance.

How is the average girl going to get her answers to these questions? She won't find them in books, and if there is an organized body of such informa-

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tion I haven't been able to find it. The only way most girls can find out what they want to know about making a living is by actually working at a job. I myself had to learn that I was no good as a bookkeeper by making a failure of my first job; only by accident did I find that I could write advertising, by which I made my living for many years. If a girl hits the right job, she's lucky; if she doesn't, she wastes years and perhaps never gets over her mistake.

If, with all the sources of information that I could tap, it was difficult for me to get the information my readers asked for, how then are they going to find it for themselves? It's no use for them to go to any employer or employment agency, or to look in a book. What the would-be stenographer wants to know is what some other stenographer of intelligence can tell her. She wants knowledge based on experience.

Suppose a girl should set out to become a bookkeeper. She would think that what she needs are good handwriting and a course at a business school. She would be all wrong. Instead, to become a good bookkeeper she needs to be careful, orderly, fond of detail, and accurate in arithmetic. A clear handwriting can be acquired by any one with these other qualities. I have noticed that good accountants are neat in their personal habits, often to the point of fussiness. The girl who has a disorderly desk may make a clever saleswoman or artist, but she'll never be any use at keeping books. As for a course at a business school, it may help, but it is far from important. The best procedure for a beginner is to get a job as clerk or envelope addresser or anything in an actual accounting department, and learn while she is working.

All that sounds simple enough, but do you know anywhere except on the job where the average young girl can find it out? I don't.

There are thousands of women in the country who have to sell goods for a living. Most of them are poor saleswomen, always on the ragged edge, hating their work, doing it badly. But how is a girl going to find out whether she'd make a good saleswoman or not? I tried to tell these girls that what is needed to make a good saleswoman is the desire to convert others; that the saleswoman is closely related to the evangelist.

But once the facts are gathered it is easy enough to answer the correspondent who asks for material like this—or the one who wants to know whether she needs a license to sell real estate, or where to get training as a dietician.

The letters which reduced me to annoyed despair came from the army of women who want to go into the luxury trades—acting, writing, dancing, painting, interior decorating; all jobs which require not only talent, but a long and intensive self-training.

Most of them have no talent; they merely think these luxury trades give them a better social standing than office work. Also that writing and painting and acting are not work at all, but amusing pastimes from which it would be pleasant to make money. Such luxury jobs look good to the woman whose husband has left her penniless or has lost his job—or to the woman who has made a financial failure of her life. She thinks because she can write a pleasant letter she can also write short stories, or because her home has always been well furnished she can make a living as an interior decorator. It sometimes seemed to me that, as a body, the women of America had only one desire—to furnish other people's houses. It's pitiable because the desire to create something is there; and deeper, the desire to make a permanent home—if not for herself, then for someone else. I tried to discourage them by pointing out that they would have to compete with rich women who do not have to earn a living at the work and whose large lists of friends will buy from them as a favor.

Are they all fools—these women who think they can be artists? No—often they are victims of politeness. For years their friends have lied to them. If a girl dances charmingly in a ballroom, she's told she's another Pavlowa; if she writes a rhyme that's amusing to her crowd because it contains all their special jokes, they see a Dorothy Parker wasting her bloom. Even if she's a washout, they lie to her anyway; they want to please her and they don't want to make enemies. Goodness knows, I don't blame them; I lost a friend this winter because I told her her novel wasn't quite good enough. All the publishers had rejected it with flattering notes. I foolishly told her they were lying. She doesn't believe me; she thinks I am jealous. Publishers aren't the only ones; all sorts of people do it to beginners in the arts.

And then there are the girls who want to be models. They are usually young, untrained, and pretty—or they think themselves pretty. As far as I can make out this is the first thought that comes into the head of the pretty, untrained young girl who doesn't want to be a decorator. The number of these girls has grown this year because good-looking girls who cannot get jobs at their regular work think they may be able to convert their looks into wages. It never occurs to these girls that acting as a model requires training and a special kind of talent. And to tell the truth it never occurred to me either until I looked into the business.

I found out that there are two kinds of models—those who pose for fashions and those who pose for artists and photographers. Here are some of the facts these girls needed to know. Beauty is not really necessary for either one; a girl whose looks are spoiled by a bad skin may be effective for posing; the best photographic models should really be too thin because the camera has a fattening effect; posing for an artist or for fashions is hard work. In my own ignorance I had thought that the fashion work needed no experience; that a good-looking girl would merely go to the best shops and apply for a job. Not at all. There is an expensive school that trains such mannequins and the girls who do not take such training have to begin in the wholesale houses or insignificant stores. The models who display fashions need experience and a sense of the drama of clothes. There is such a thing, as must be apparent to anyone who has seen how elegant an ugly woman can make herself look.

So you see why I think some central information agency would be of value. There are so many pamphlets and books and investigations and questionnaires that have been got out by all kinds of social organizations, but none of them of any use to a girl who has to get up tomorrow morning and go down town and get herself a job. Not one. And whatever we may think about organiz-

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ing a better society for the future, the important thing for the average girl is to get something to do so that she has some money to pay her board bill next Saturday night.

The women of over forty who have no training of any kind and must earn a living are utterly discouraging. What is one to tell these women? What can they do? Domestic work? Some haven't the strength for it, and others, having been always at the head of their own households, are too old to learn to subordinate themselves to some one else. I advised some of these women to learn hotel housekeeping, but after all, how many hotel housekeepers can there be in the world? For such women my words were pretty futile and if they do find a solution it will be by the sheer force of their own personalities or by accident. Most probably it will be through someone's kindness.

In San Francisco there is an excellent agency which specializes in getting jobs for people over forty. This is the Employment Aid and it is a private and anonymous charity. It is ably run by Mary Hutchinson, and it is kept very busy.

I need not say that this year an enormous number of letters came to me from trained, experienced, and competent women who cannot find jobs and who are willing to abandon all the experience and training they have had in one branch to do any kind of work that comes along. And when I got these letters I felt that it was not worth while running the column at all. Before the problems of these women I felt mocked and helpless.

Much easier to answer were the girls who asked for help in problems of the spirit. I could not really solve such a problem for a girl of whom I knew nothing except what she revealed in a brief little letter. I probably couldn't have solved them if I had known all about her. But what these girls really wanted was not a solution. They wanted their hands held. They wanted a little encouragement. What could one do for the girl who wrote that the man to whom she was engaged married her sister and that she has to have family dinner with them every Sunday; or for the one who asked if she should make dates with the boss's clients; the one who had an inferiority complex; the one who is mocked by other employees in the office?

There was a pitiable, foolish letter from a girl who wanted to know if she must drink to make friends. Her boy friend did not drink or smoke and she thought they were unwelcome guests at parties.

I got a curious assortment of letters from mothers. One wanted to know how she could have her five-year-old baby trained to speak on the radio. I confess I wrote her that if I knew I wouldn't tell her. But the bulk of such letters were from mothers who do not know where to leave their children while they themselves are working in factory or office. And let me tell you right here—that's a hard question to answer.

It was fascinating to learn what these readers were really interested in. When I wrote on such subjects as "Are Women Free?" "The Value of Women in Offices," or any such generality, I got no answers. But I got a flood of letters in reply to a piece on how to get typing to do at home, on the pieces about models, nurses and nurses' training, on learning to be an actress, on foreign-language stenography. But the largest number of all, I received from a piece I wrote for the untrained woman over thirty-five.

Whenever I wrote a piece about clothes (the syndicate pieces are written about a month ahead) the editors pulled these out of their place and ran them ahead of schedule. Evidently the editors think women workers want to know more about clothes than they do about anything else. I am not sure I agree with them. I know that girls talk about clothes more than they do about any other single subject except men, and that the information that we gave them was practical, so I hope that the editors were right. But I got no letters at all in reply to these columns. However, the information was definite and did not lead to any questions.

One thing that I have learned is that women, as a rule, do not care anything whatever about making a career. All pieces I have written directed toward such women have fallen flat. What women want is to make a living, to hold a job, to get a husband. They don't want great wealth. It isn't an accident that so few women have built up big fortunes. The generally accepted theory that women are realists and men are idealists is borne out by my experience. Women as a whole want security. They want to know that a pay envelope is coming in every week. They'd rather have that than the risk that comes from an adventurous life.

A man wrote to ask why I did not try to inspire girls by the careers of great women. You will find big-business men sleeping in the bed once belonging to Napoleon, thinking that by doing so they become more like Napoleon themselves. But women cannot be so fooled. They are, I find, irritated by the stories of careers of great women. The only other letter I got of the sort was funny. I had written a piece in which I had said that first-class telephone operators seldom change to other work; they liked their jobs because they could listen in. An angry letter came from somebody who claimed to be a telephone operator, but obviously was not. This letter said I ought to tell about the careers of great women rather than to say horrid things about telephone operators.

I never had a letter from a woman—not one—expressing any general economic opinion, any criticism of our social or financial system, none whatever which looked beyond the personal problem with which she was struggling. I had sad and tragic and bitter letters from girls who could not find a job although they were thoroughly trained, but I have yet to receive one which says that the general system under which we are living might be responsible for her failure. I have yet to receive one which blames the banks of this country for the fact that she couldn't get a job, or the government at Washington, or anything of that sort. A girl sufficiently intelligent and informed to realize this would not write letters to a newspaper syndicate, but I did get intelligent letters, that is, intelligent on the matter of personal problems. I had to conclude that working women as a whole simply do not relate themselves to any larger system. And this bears out the talk I used to hear when I was in an office myself.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

THE REAL MARK TWAIN

In the whole range of American authors, the most interesting personality is Mark Twain. During the last twenty years of his life his name was known in every country, and his death shook the world. The growth of his fame took an opposite course to that of Walt Whitman. Walt was persistently exalted by European critics but he was not widely read in America until long after his departure. Critical acclaim preceded popularity. In the year 1898, when I gave a course in American literature to Yale undergraduates, the inclusion of Walt Whitman seemed to some elderly persons rather queer; and before that, when a professor in another university was preparing a book of selections from American poets to be used in schools and colleges, both he and his publishers omitted Walt Whitman, and it was only at my urgent entreaty that he was finally included. I informed them the book would not be used at Yale unless Walt Whitman was treated on a par with the other leading American poets.

In the case of Mark Twain, fame followed popularity. He was read and enjoyed by hundreds of thousands before he received serious consideration from any literary critic or historian. The reason for the divergence in growth of reputation between these two men of genius probably lies in the fact that while Walt was singularly destitute of humor, Mark Twain was the funniest man in the world.

To the innumerable lovers of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" I recommend the latest important work on their maker. It is called "Mark Twain's America," and is by Bernard De Voto, who, although only thirty-six years old, has the right background, experience, and training. He was born in Utah, lived for years intimately with frontiersmen, fought in the war, was graduated Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, taught English at Harvard and at Northwestern, and was also a newspaper man. This book reveals the accuracy of the scholar, the experience of a man who knows primitive communities, the sense for drama of the journalist, the literary style of the expert, and what is essential in a book on this theme—native humor.

The "origins" of Mark Twain, the river, the frontier, the wild life in Nevada, all the influences that "shaped" him from his birth in 1835 to the appearance of "Innocents Abroad" in 1869, are given here with an abundance of detail and a vigor of style that make the book glow with vitality. It is a work of literary criticism, of biography, of American history. I sincerely hope it will be read in England and all over Europe as well as in America; for it is important. It is a weighty but lively contribution to knowledge.

The first half of the book is the best. Up to Chapter VIII, even those who think they know Mark Twain very well will learn much that is new. It may be that others will need the second half more than I. It is largely devoted to annihilating Van Wyck Brooks and some other critics. I think Mr. De Voto overestimates the importance of Mr. Brooks's work "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" (1920). It made a stir in literary circles, and enjoyed a fairly good press. But on the army of readers who *know* "Huckleberry Finn" it has produced no effect. Most of them have never heard of it. Mr. Brooks is a thoughtful critic, who writes well on Henry James and on Emerson; but he is incapacitated to write on Mark Twain. He lacks humor.

It may have been necessary for certain little circles more vocal than influential to receive the crushing blows wielded by Mr. De Voto; the majority of his readers will mildly wonder at his excitement. After the appearance of this work, I tried it out on three thousand persons, all of whom had read and knew their Mark Twain; less than ten had ever heard of "The Ordeal."

I regret that Mr. De Voto has seen fit to damn Bret Harte with such severity. There are many things about Bret Harte's character that are unlovely; Mark Twain finally had to give him up. But his personal shortcomings do not lessen the literary value of his early tales and verses. It is not quite fair to call him "A literary charlatan whose tales have greatly pleased the second-rate." I believe "The Luck" and "The Outcasts" will be read for many years to come; and the humor of the early poems is permanent. Harte was at all events a sincere sentimentalist; when T. W. Higginson wept over a certain sentence in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" he wrote to Harte asking if the author had not himself been deeply affected while writing it; and Harte replied on the stationery of the *Overland Monthly* July 16, 1869,

"I can at least confess to you that the passage you especially commend was written quite as tearfully as you say you read it."

One thing in connection with Harte should be remembered to the credit of the University of California. Long before it was thought consistent with academic dignity to mention contemporary literature in the classroom, the University of California offered Bret Harte a professorship of *Recent Literature*. In response to my inquiries on this subject in 1908, Mr. Henderson, the Secretary of the University, wrote me:

"It was on August 16, 1870, that Frank Bret Harte was appointed by the Regents Professor of Recent Literature in the University of California and Curator of the Library and Museum. His salary was to have been 'three hundred dollars gold per month.' Mr. Harte, however, on October 30, 1870, declined the appointment."

On the eve of Mark's sailing for the Holy Land and on the day of the publication of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog" Mark wrote from the Westminster Hotel in New York a letter to Harte (I have the MS.) showing that at that time they were on terms of the most friendly intimacy.

May 1, 1867.

Dear Bret— . . .

The book is out, and is handsome. It is full of damnable errors of grammar & inconsistencies of spelling in the Frog sketch because I was away & did not read the proofs—but be a friend & say nothing about these things. When my hurry is over I will send you an auto-

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graph copy to pisen the children with.

I am to lecture in Cooper Institute next Monday night. Pray for me.

We sail for the Holy Land June 8. . . .

Regards and best wishes to Mrs. Bret & the family.

Truly Yr Friend

MARK.

Another author who seems to trouble Mr. De Voto's peace of mind is Oliver Wendell Holmes. Here the character is impeccable; it is the writer he cannot forgive. Now although Mark Twain is incomparably greater, it seems to me there is room for the genial Autocrat. It is not necessary to elevate Mark Twain by depressing others. The famous Boston dinner on December 17, 1877, at which Mark felt he had disgraced himself, and which in these latter days is turned against the Olympians, will be better understood if we remember the comparative ages of the men. The dinner was in honor of the seventieth birthday of Whittier, and there were present Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and lesser lights. Emerson was 32 years older than Mark, Whittier and Longfellow 28, and Holmes 26. They were "venerable men," and Mark Twain, aged 42, seemed and felt quite otherwise.

The late William Henry Bishop, who was present at the dinner, told me he thought the fuss about it had been "greatly exaggerated." Emerson and Longfellow went on smoking.

And because Mark Twain was brought up on wilder and more primitive scenes, it does not follow that he knew more about "life" than Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes. This is the boyish error of supposing that a man in a flannel shirt with his trousers tucked into his boots is more masculine than a man in evening clothes. Holmes was a physician; Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow lived for years in Europe; Emerson, the Yankee villager, made an estimate of Napoleon, the man of action, so shrewd and penetrating that no historian has ever been able to improve on it. Furthermore, these men were familiar with the Bible, Chaucer, Shakespeare, wherein they learned more about human nature than most cowboys will ever know. Radclyffe Hall cannot shock any one who remembers the first chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans. Mark Twain was fortunate in having certain experiences to use as material; but the reason he is a greater writer than Holmes is not because he knew more about "life," but because he was a man of genius. Furthermore, I do not agree that the only possible rival for "Huckleberry Finn" as the premier American novel is "Moby Dick." It is Nathaniel Hawthorne's flawless work of art, "The Scarlet Letter," that remains.

The following excellent paragraph on page 166 of Mr. De Voto's book is a convenient summary.

"In California, through the two and a half years following May, 1864, Mark's work grew surer and grew, also, broader in scope. It is possible to discover, or perhaps to imagine, an acceleration in both developments after the interlude at Jackass Hill. If not imaginary, this acceleration may have been due to the success of 'The Jumping Frog.' Be that as it may be, all the rest of Mark Twain's books are embryonic in what he had written by December, 1866, when he went east. Washoe and California had finished what the mid-western frontier and the Mississippi had begun. These casual pieces outline the future: the humorist, the social satirist, the pessimist, the novelist of American character, Mark Twain exhilarated, sentimental, cynical, angry, and depressed, are all here. The rest is only development."

The most important works of Mark Twain are "Roughing It," which is not read so often as it should be; "Life on the Mississippi," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" which, although detested by British critics, is essential to a knowledge of its author's genius. Then, with Albert Bigelow Paine's admirable three-volume biography, Clara Clemens's "My Father—Mark Twain," and Mr. De Voto's work, one has the necessary material and criticism.

I agree with Mr. De Voto when he says:

"American Journalism attained its highest reach in the February or Midwinter number of *The Century Magazine* for 1885. That issue carried 'Royalty on the Mississippi,' the last of three selections from 'The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.' It had also the ninth and tenth chapters of 'The Rise of Silas Lapham' and began the serialization of 'The Bostonians.' No comparable enterprise has ever been undertaken by a magazine."

I well remember reading that number in the Yale library when I was a sophomore, and how I delighted in the Mark Twain story! Henry James did not include "The Bostonians" in the New York edition of his works.

Mr. De Voto's book has a good index and admirable bibliography. I observed only one typographical error—*Twitchell* on page 236. The name is spelled correctly elsewhere.

The fourth volume of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" is called "The War Begins" and covers the years 1909–1914. The melancholy quarrel between Taft and Roosevelt is described; and the political history of those years faithfully reported. I regard these Mark Sullivan books as indispensable; every American should own them. They give the political, social, literary, musical, fashional history of the twentieth century. The beginnings of ragtime, jazz, the new dances, the popular songs and slogans, are described vividly yet impartially. The immense number of illustrations and cartoons greatly increase the value of the work. These volumes make a double appeal; they tell the truth of history in its broadest and most detailed aspects, and they interest all mature readers—locally and personally; we read most eagerly the account of something we have ourselves witnessed.

A political survey of this same period, before, after, and during, appears in the first work of a young writer, John Chamberlain, still in his twenties. This substantial volume of over three hundred pages is called "Farewell to Reform," its secondary title "Being a History of the Rise, Life and Decay of the Progressive Mind in America." This young man knows how to write; he commands a style full of vigor and vivacity yet intellectually mature. He bids fair to produce many important works in political history. Having thus expressed my admiration for the manner in which this work is written and my gratitude for the enjoyment I gained in reading it, I must also express my disagreement with many of the author's decisions. I do not agree with his contemptuous estimate of Roosevelt. T. R. was a man of genius. The hero of the

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book is the late Senator Robert La Follette, and I do not share the author's unqualified admiration for his ability. I would much rather have had Roosevelt, with all his faults, President of the United States than La Follette. The fighting Senator from Wisconsin had energy, courage, sincerity; but the "reforms" that he did so much to bring in, election of Senators by popular vote, direct primaries, etc., were misfortunes. As for his shipping law, we used to have regular passenger and freight service with steamers on Lake Huron, running four times a week between Detroit and Mackinac, stopping at many small towns. La Follette's law drove every one of these boats off the lake. Nor do I agree with Mr. Chamberlain's estimate of the value of Mark Sullivan's historical judgments. Mr. Sullivan is a man of long and varied experience, whose unprejudiced opinions are entitled to respect.

But the advent of "Farewell to Reform" is important because it marks the appearance of a new writer, who is sure to add to our knowledge and to stimulate our thinking.

While speaking of modern history, let me call attention to a triumph of bookmaking in ancient history. Gibbons's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" appears complete in two volumes, well printed, easy to hold, easy to read. This is one of the new "Giants" of the Modern Library, which began with "War and Peace" in Constance Garnett's translation, in one volume. Other one-volume complete editions are "Les Miserables" and Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Winston Churchill's "Amid These Storms," whatever views its author may hold on disarmament, is a disarming book. In the course of his tumultuous life Mr. Churchill has made many enemies; but I do not see how any one can read this book without having affection and admiration for the man who wrote it. In the language of Theodore Roosevelt, whom he so much and in so many ways resembles, Mr. Churchill has had a bully time.

This life means something, and means good;
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

Mr. Churchill verifies the story of the Cabinet member who, in the midst of his own important speech on the public finances, gave a gigantic yawn; this could happen only in England, but is absolutely characteristic, and wholly delightful. If Hitler would only yawn, he would be a better and a wiser man. The same statesman told Mr. Churchill that he dreamed he was making a speech in the House of Commons, woke up, and found he was!

E. F. Benson's "As We Are" is disappointing after his preceding volume, "As We Were." The other was so good that I opened this with high hopes.

Hamlin Garland's "My Friendly Contemporaries" is the continuation of his diary. Its interest lies mainly in his excellent account of his conversations with men of letters. There is a genial tolerance in his present attitude toward life and art; I only wish he did not mind growing old. But he is no pessimist. Quite the contrary. Our youthful pessimists should read Strindberg if they want to know the real thing. I saw his play "Gewitter" in Munich last April. "My wife is quite deaf, but she does not mind. She says there is nothing worth hearing. She hopes she will soon be blind, because there is really nothing worth seeing. The best thing about being old is that you are so much nearer the end."

Richard Halliburton seems to have become unpopular in certain circles, because some persons have expressed doubt as to the precise accuracy of his narratives. Now I don't care a rap about this. I enjoy reading his books because they are thrilling. He knows how to tell a good story, to make the most of every adventure, to lead to climax after climax. And I like his latest book best of all—"The Flying Carpet." It describes his airplane adventures going to Timbuctoo across the Sahara, going to Mount Everest, going to Teheran, etc., and the pictures are worthy of the text. I read the whole book through at a sitting, and wished for more. Some one once said to Paul Du Chaillu, "I have heard you describe that African journey five times and you never tell it in the same way." "No," said Paul, "but I never tell it badly."

Georgette Leblanc's "Souvenirs," translated from the French by Janet Flanner, describe with intimate poignancy the twenty years she lived with Maeterlinck. It is a "close-up" of a man of genius; we become well acquainted with him and with his daily habits. It was his Introduction to the French translation of Emerson's "Essays" that caused the elective affinity; and certainly much of his best work was done during their union. Nearly thirty years ago, in December, 1903, Maeterlinck was kind enough to receive me in their house on the Rue Raynouard in Paris; had I known how he hated to have callers, I should hardly have dared to ask for an interview. But I had discovered that a certain scene in "Monna Vanna" had been inspired by Browning's "Luria," and wanted to talk it over with him. Those who knew him only as the author of "Pélléas," "Intérieur" and other phantasies, imagined him to be pale and dreamy in appearance. On the contrary, he looked like a hearty eater, and the best word to describe him was *"jovial."* I told him I was going to Germany where I should see "Monna Vanna" in that language. "Oh, they don't know anything about it! you will see a travesty." And then he told me that Georgette Leblanc was the only one who knew how to interpret Monna Vanna.

Gertrude Atherton's autobiography "Adventures of a Novelist" is about six hundred pages and not a bit too long. It is steadily interesting. Never was there a woman more self-sufficient. Women have learned the art of living with themselves much better than men; a woman seems to be able to entertain herself as well as a cat. But in Gertrude Atherton this ability is astounding. Courage—even recklessness—is the dominating quality; she has faced the world alone in many cities of Europe and America and has asked no favors from anybody. She does not love her enemies but she has never taken the trouble to hate them. Her strange childhood and youth in California account for a great deal in her attitude toward life. During a residence of seven months in Munich long ago, I had the privilege of her acquaintance, and found her much more interesting than any of her novels, although she never said anything about herself. She has a cool rather than a cold temperament; but she loved Munich. Those were the great days of the Munich opera, with young Morena, Feinhals, Bender, and Knote. Her anecdotes of London life, meeting Whistler, Hardy, and others, are full of interest. She is clear-headed, clear-eyed, betraying neither sentimentality nor tender-

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ness; the portrait of her mother has a tragic intensity. Life with all its suffering is usually worth living; but her mother seems to have been one of those individuals who ought not to have been born.

The volume has a good Index, and Gertrude Atherton reads proof with meticulous care. I saw only one typographical error, page 251.

G. F. Bradby's little book, "The Brontës," has a particularly interesting essay on Emily, with some original remarks on her thrilling love-poem, "Cold in the Earth," surely one of the masterpieces of English poetry. The book also has a good essay on the "Diary of a Country Parson."

Professor Richard A. Cordell, in "Henry Arthur Jones and the Modern Drama," has given a fair estimate of the work of that once popular dramatist and has made an interesting addition to the history of the British theatre. The book contains valuable information with excellent literary criticism. I do not know of any man who used his talents to more advantage than Henry Arthur Jones and I hope he entered into his reward. With every circumstance of youth and early environment against him, and with the far greater drawback of having not even a spark of genius, Jones became one of the most successful playwrights in the world, had a great influence in raising the level of modern drama, and did more than any other man of his time to induce the public to *read* plays.

Cornelia S. Parker's book, "German Summer," will inspire many to paddle their own canoes. She describes with infinite zest how she and her daughter in a small boat conquered one river after another. I have always wanted to "do" the Danube in this fashion; and I remember how I envied Poultney Bigelow when he told me of his watery pilgrimage on the unbeautiful, unblue, but tremendous Danube.

The Reverend Doctor Lloyd C. Douglas has become a successful novelist. The early chapters of "Forgive Us Our Trespasses" will remind the reader of "Elmer Gantry." It is confused in structure and style, and needs pruning, revision, and polish. But it has vitality.

I salute a new novelist, whose first book, "Mother and Four," exhibits skill in portraiture and the ability to tell an interesting story. This is Miss Isabel Wilder, younger sister of Thornton Wilder, who is young himself. One of the notable features of Miss Wilder's novel is its unlikeness to anything written by Thornton. His genius for brevity, beauty of phrase, and glacial severity are absent. "Mother and Four" is diffuse, the style is often careless, and the whole thing has an inner core of demonstrative sympathy. But the characters are real; the situations are true; for a first novel it shows remarkable talent.

All dog-lovers, yes, all of them, will enjoy "Paw Marks," an irresistible book on dogs by W. J. Hickmott, Jr., copiously illustrated in full-tone. The sketches of the author's various acquaintances narrate only things that actually happened, hence the work is not apocryphal, but caninical. The stories will charm all men, women, and children who love dogs and those who do not ought to consult a physician. The original verses add to the value of the work. As only five hundred copies have been printed, the moral is obvious.

Edward Francis Stevens, Librarian of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, believing that the classics of English literature are being too often reprinted in cheap and unlovely format, has produced a beautiful edition of Anthony Trollope's enduring novel, "The Warden," and made the volume so attractive that the jury of the American Institute of Graphic Arts included it in their exhibit of the Fifty Books of the year 1932.

The FANO CLUB is enriched by the addition of the names of Mr. and Mrs. George Oakley Smalley, of Bound Brook, N. J.

Professor Charles C. Clarke of Yale sends me the following item from Disraeli's letter to Lady Brandford, April 4, 1878 ("Letters," Vol. II, p. 161):

"The dinner yes—at P. Wyndham's was of an æsthetical character, Princess Louise, De Vescis (of course), etc., etc., and Browning, a noisy, conceited poet; all the talk about pictures and art and Raffaello, and what Sterne calls the Correggiosity of Correggio."

The Reverend Roy Houghton of Milford, Conn., writes:

"Last week I listened to an address by the German Professor Schultze. He asked his little girl, 3 years old, if she could tell him what Conscience was. She said, 'It is the radio of God.' "

Here is a good poem to learn by heart, sent me as a Christmas card from the family of the distinguished English scholar John Beresford.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE

BY EDMUND SPENSER

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heaven's King.

NEW PUBLICATIONS MENTIONED, WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are recommended for use in reading clubs

*"Mark Twain's America," by Bernard De Voto. Little, Brown. $4.

*"Our Times," Vol. IV, by Mark Sullivan. Scribners. $3.75.

*"Farewell to Reform," by John Chamberlain. Liveright. $3.

"Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Gibbon. 2 vols. Modern Giant Library. $2.

*"Amid These Storms," by Winston Churchill. Scribners. $3.50.

"As We Are," by E. F. Benson. Longmans. $3.

*"My Friendly Contemporaries," by Hamlin Garland. Macmillan. $2.50.

*"The Flying Carpet," by R. Halliburton. Bobbs, Merrill. $3.75.

*"Souvenirs," by Georgette Leblanc. Dutton. $3.50.

*"Adventures of a Novelist," by Gertrude Atherton. Liveright. $4.

*"The Brontës," by G. F. Bradby. Oxford. $1.50.

*"Henry Arthur Jones and the Modern Drama," by Richard Cordell. Ray Long & Richard Smith. $2.50.

"German Summer," by Cornelia S. Parker. Liveright. $3.50.

*"Mother and Four," by Isabel Wilder. Coward McCann. $2.50.

*"Paw Marks," by W. J. Hickmott, Jr. The Maplerock Press. Hartford.

"The Warden," by A. Trollope. New York. Printed for Libraries.

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KARL MARX—MYTH AND MAN *Continued from page* 154

with private capitalism in their country. And it was one of those grim jokes of history that, by succeeding in their attack against private capitalism, the followers of Lenin, while claiming that they alone are the real followers of Marx's gospel, have actually dealt a deadly blow to this pseudo-revolutionary fatalistic philosophy.

This idea of the primary and dominating influence of the objective economic conditions, though presented in one of Marx's previous books, was first proclaimed to the world at large in the *Communist Manifesto*. It was a pamphlet written by the two friends in 1847, when Revolution was knocking at the doors of most western countries. The idea was interlinked with the assertion that the history of mankind was a history of class struggles.

In speaking of the class antagonism of the modern world Marx follows the example of his socialist contemporaries and precursors by setting up two great categories called "bourgeoisie" and "proletariat." The bourgeoisie includes all property holders, those who live either by rent, profit or interest. The proletariat consists of all those who derive their livelihood from wages and salaries. The *new middle class* of the industrial age, the office holders, technicians, in short, all intellectual workers, has no independent existence under this scheme. It simply constitutes part of the "proletariat" jointly with the manual workers. The aspirations of the radical section of this new middle class were in reality altogether different from those of the workers. Its struggle for more democracy was a struggle for more and better jobs for the educated "outs." Its "socialism" was at bottom the desire to dispossess the capitalist in order to turn his profits into higher salaries for the office holders and technicians of the all-owning, all-powerful government machine. But these were things that Marx did not see, did not want to see.

The *Manifesto of the Communist Party* is one of the great classics of history. Many of its sayings have become proverbial. Such sentences as "The workers have nothing to lose but their chains, they have a world to win"; "the workers have no country"; "the history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles," have been repeated in thousands of editorials and thundered down from millions of platforms. And, ironically enough, it was under the slogan of "Workers of the World Unite" that the leading Marxists of all countries encouraged their followers to kill each other during the World War. . . .

But not only in this respect is the *Manifesto* "full of quotations," to use the old joke about the exclamation of the man who saw "Faust" on the stage and was astounded at the wealth of familiar passages which every German knows even if he has never heard of Goethe. It was full of quotations in another, less complimentary sense, too. During his enormous work of reading the entire political and economic literature of his age, Marx had suffered the penalty of all diligent men with a good memory. Unconsciously, he did with his readings what Shakespeare did with the plots and texts of his Italian and English predecessors and contemporaries, what Anatole France likewise used to do with the ideas and occasionally with entire paragraphs of ancient or mediæval writers. It is what every opera conductor does when he ventures upon becoming a composer himself. In short, the great theorist of the expropriation of material goods of other classes, was an unconscious practitioner in the appropriation of other men's ideas. In fact, most of the ideas expressed in the *Manifesto* had been either the common property of all socialist schools of the time, or the specific attributes of particular sects or individual scholars.

RIDING THE WHIRLWIND

The revolution that swept Europe in 1848 brought Marx back to the place where he had begun his political career. He went to Cologne and with a group of middle-class democrats and communists he founded the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, a successor, as it were, of the old democratic paper of six years before. Germany was on the threshold of becoming a modern democratic country. Marx and similarly-minded rebels set themselves the task of helping the middle classes to sweep away the last but still powerful remnants of Prussia's feudal reaction. That victory, in the opinion of Marx, was a foregone conclusion; it would result in the establishment of a great, unified Germany, the dream of every progressive, educated German. But the triumph of the bourgeoisie would be only temporary. In his *Manifesto* he had predicted that it would be only "the immediate prelude to a proletarian revolution."

But for the time being that "immediate prelude" occupied all his attention, relegating what might follow the "prelude" to the realm of mere fancy. The "Communist Party" whose *Manifesto* he had written only a few months before, was forgotten. Marx and his friends joined the German Democratic Party. Standing at its extreme left wing they hoped to drive the German middle classes forward and force them to accomplish their historical task. In order to "drive them forward," or even to prevent them from going back, the father of the proletarian class struggle was forced to ignore the aspirations and the very existence of that working class as whose champion he is now celebrated all over the world. The *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, the great daily of the liberal middle classes of the most advanced section of German territory, though edited and directed by Marx, *simply made no mention of the labor movement*. That untoward subject was relegated to a small weekly published for the workers. Though denied mention in Marx's large daily, the labor movement nevertheless was very much a reality. Aroused by the revolution, the workers were striking for higher wages and they obtained many improvements. It was this turn of the revolution which did so much to discourage and frighten the middle classes and to weaken their resistance against the forces of feudal reaction.

Thus it was the workers' practical application of the class struggle—this most beloved theoretical child of Marx—that indirectly broke the backbone of the bourgeois revolution, from which the great leader of the working class expected so much. It was a situation full of grim humor: the middle classes did not care for a revolution that entailed the possible payment of higher wages; and the workers felt the same

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way toward a revolution which merely offered them political freedom and nothing else. And the joke was of course on Marx who did not expect the workers to "double-cross" the revolution in such an unforeseen way. For, strange as it may sound, this aspect of the class struggle, the fight for higher wages, was not yet on Marx's programme at the time when he laid the foundations of modern socialism. At that time he still believed in what was later dubbed "the iron law of wages" —that fallacious theory according to which the workers' income under the existing system could never exceed the amount absolutely indispensable for his sustenance. In other words, like all the other socialist theorists of his time he simply did not believe in strikes for higher wages, and expected the workers to fight the battles of the middle class without any compensation, so to speak. *It was only much later that Marx realized that the socialists were bound to assist the workers in their bread-and-butter struggles, if they were to get their help in their political struggle for power.* This realization was to become the pivot of all socialist and communist activities of the later periods. All of which gives rise to the suspicion that Marxism, just as all the other socialist theories of the nineteenth century, did not originate as the expression of a working-class revolt against economic inequalities. Rather, it was born as a protest of the malcontent section of the educated middle classes, the déclassé intelligentsia, struggling for its own domination against feudal and capitalist privilege. . . .

INTERNATIONALISM IN ACTION

During his activity as editor-in-chief of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* Marx's identification with the cause of the German middle classes acquired increasingly peculiar aspects. The German public was at that time greatly aroused against Denmark on account of two strips of German territory which that Scandinavian country intended to annex. With unrestrained vehemence Marx larded his criticism of Denmark's ambitions with scurrilous chauvinistic insults against the Scandinavians in general, speaking of their "permanent drunkenness," their "brutality toward women," and their intellectual inferiority. Of a similarly insulting nature were his later references to the Slavic nationalities of Austria-Hungary on account of the part they played in downing the revolution of the Austro-German middle classes and of the Hungarian petty nobility. He did not even try to penetrate into the deeper reasons—altogether damning for the revolutionary Austrian chauvinists and the malcontent Hungarian petty-junkers—which explained the reactionary stand taken by the Czechs and the Croats.

The element of nationalism was no doubt very strong in both Marx and Engels. In their public utterances as well as in their private correspondence they had a way of expressing themselves with such an utter lack of restraint as would nowadays cause the expulsion of a rank-and-file member or a minor leader from any radical internationalist organization. Marx—was it to forget the "stigma" of his own origin?—seldom missed an opportunity to use the word "Jew" in the same tender connotation with which some Americans carelessly say "nigger." In his early *Jewish Question* he practically identified Jewry with capitalism, and ascribed to the Jewish religion all the base capitalist attributes. In later years, as if to emphasize the depravity of a man he did not like, he would precede his name with the word "the Jew"—when he happened to be one. Thus in the *Eighteenth Brumaire* he refers to the finance minister of Napoleon III as "the Jew Fould." His private correspondence is replete with similar gems. When the "Jew," however, happened to be a heroic fighter for the cause of democracy—as was General Bem (originally Boehm), the military leader of the Austrian and later of the Hungarian revolution in 1848–49—he would call him a "Slavonian by birth" (*Revolution and Counter-Revolution*), although, to be more exact, he was a Galician Jew. And the Minister of Labor of the Paris Commune of 1871, the Hungarian Jew Frankel, is converted under Marx's discriminating pen into a "German" (in his *Civil War in France*), though a year before, in his private correspondence he had called him "the little Jew."

THE LONDON EXILE

The breakdown of the German revolution forced him to seek refuge in England, particularly as at the same time the forces of reaction had triumphed in France as well. The first years in London were full of unmitigated misery. True, hundreds of other German revolutionists, now stranded in London, were in a similar predicament; but in most cases they were not burdened with families. More than once Marx cursed his fate for having undertaken that load, though he loved his charming wife and never in his life had even a glance for any other woman. He was accustomed to comparative ease. His father had been passably well-to-do, and Karl, once engaged in the revolutionary movement, had generously sunk into his paper the whole of his inheritance of eight thousand thaler when its middle-class shareholders began to desert it, frightened by its radical tone. It was particularly his fearless stand in defense of the tragic revolt of the Paris unemployed of June, 1848, that had forfeited him the support of the Rhenish bourgeoisie. He was to take a similar attitude during the Paris Commune of twenty-three years later, when he bravely defied a world of howling enemies.

His friend Engels was in a similar predicament, though his situation was less tragic. He was proscribed in Germany now, having taken part in an armed uprising in Baden and fought valiantly in several battles against the triumphant counter-revolution. He was practically on non-speaking terms with his wealthy father who was a bigoted reactionary.

During the first two years of their exile the two friends were full of hope for the return of the revolutionary wave. The Communist League which was under their influence resumed its activities in Germany. These activities were to be much more radical in scope than during the "mad year" of 1848 when they still collaborated with the middle classes.

Soon enough, however, Marx came to the conclusion that for quite a time all hopes for a resurgence of the revolution were gone. In his opinion it was the discovery of gold in California, with its accompaniment of a general economic upswing all over the world, that sounded the death-knell of the German revolution. The capitalist bourgeoisie and the educated middle and lower middle classes gave up their dem-

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ocratic aspirations in exchange for economic advantages. Only a small band of irreconcilables, or refugees from the military courts, kept the revolutionary fires burning in their hearts. Communists and non-communists, they were in London now and they would not accept Marx's dictum that all hopes were gone for many years and that they might just as well forget about it. That prospect certainly did not make Marx feel happy. But after all, besides his ambitions for political power, not to say dictatorship, he also had scientific ambitions—as a philosopher, an economist, and an historian of contemporary events. And in the British Museum he had splendid opportunities to satisfy the longings of this side of his gigantic mind. The other exiles did not have these consolations. For them there was either black misery or the hope of a speedy comeback, for which they continuously concocted adventurous plans of military uprisings. These to Marx seemed both futile and ridiculous.

As a result a split occurred in the Central Committee of the Communist League, and with the split came proud but sad isolation. The German-speaking communists were practically all with the militant "minority," and the two friends sulkily withdrew from any further activities among the revolutionary emigrants. Engels went to Manchester to work as accountant in a spinning mill of which his father was part owner, while Marx remained in London where an unexpected offer from *The New York Tribune* enabled him to earn a scant living as contributor to that paper. The proceeds from this work did not suffice to keep the wolf away, and other attempts to earn a living by literary work were unsuccessful. And Engels was still earning much too little to be of any substantial assistance. Naturally Marx grew more and more bitter. To be the outstanding intellect of his time, to know it and to be unable to make a living; to see some of his children die of undernourishment; to have quarrels with some of his most loyal friends over trifles representing the value of a few pennies; to be perpetually indebted to the various stores supplying the most indispensable necessities for the family —this was his lot during the first few years of his London exile. These experiences did not mellow his character. A flight into the field of scientific research and a contempt for the human race, from which he apparently did not exempt any one, were perhaps the two most effective lines of defense against black despair.

The contempt which he and his friend felt and expressed in their letters for their comrades and fellow-sufferers sometimes makes very dispiriting and disconcerting reading. After his departure for Manchester, Engels wrote Marx in 1851 that anybody is bound to become "a nut, an ass, and a common scoundrel" who does not withdraw from the activities of the revolutionary emigrants, in order to become an independent writer. In his reply Marx declares that he enjoys their "public isolation" because now they do not have to share before the public the "ridicule of the party with all those asses." Engels, who was less inhibited in those matters, put it even stronger than that: "Have we not been behaving for many years," he wrote, "as if Tom, Dick, and Harry were our party, when in fact we had no party, and the people whom we officially considered as belonging to our party did not even understand the rudiments of our thoughts?" It never dawned upon them that if a system of ideas destined to be a theory of the working class passes the understanding not only of the rank and file, but even of the militants, then there must be something inherently wrong with the theory rather than with the "boobs and asses." . . .

The idea of serving the masses instead of identifying the cause with himself was altogether foreign to him. A few years after the split, a delegation of the German Workers' Educational Society in London, a communist organization, came to see Marx only to be told that he and Engels had their mandate as representatives of the proletarian party from nobody save their own selves. Their credentials, he added, consisted in the general and exclusive hatred bestowed upon them by all the parties of the old world. . . . Franz Mehring, official historian of German socialism, who records this detail, seems to be astonished that the workers were rather "stunned" by this statement. And Marx himself was greatly hurt by the gibe constantly levelled at him, not only by his enemies in the ruling classes, but also by dissenters in the revolutionary movement, that he was striving at personal dictatorship.

This episode adds to the authenticity of a story told by the anarchist Reclus —one of the world's greatest geographers. According to that contemporary, Marx, in receiving the members of the International Workingmen's Association (the "First International") used to stand in the background of his reception room, close to the bust of the Olympian Zeus. . . .

THE MAGNUM OPUS

Marx was forty-five years old; he had gone through thousands of volumes of history, philosophy, and economy and published a number of books and pamphlets which are now available in all languages of the world. And yet he was generally unknown not only in England and France, but even in his own country. He still had practically no following, except for a few individual admirers of his great economic learning.

Ever since his retirement from practical revolutionary activities Marx had devoted most of his time to the analysis of the economic structure of the capitalist system. The outcome of these studies were two big volumes which appeared in Marx's lifetime: the *Critique of Political Economy* (1859) and the first volume of *Capital* (1867). The second and third volumes of *Capital* which he never completed were edited and published by Engels many years after his friend's death.

The economic theories expounded in these works do not constitute that *sine qua non* of modern socialism they are generally made out to be. They are beyond the reach not only of the rank and file, but also of most of the militants of the socialist and communist parties. In fact, only a select few in the general staffs of the radical parties of the various countries have more than a very hazy conception of what it is all about. But they stick to all these formulas and abstruse constructions because they provide such a delightful "scientific" ornament for a political movement of the déclassé sons of the lower middle classes, and because they know the fascinating and persuasive value of what is too hard to understand. In many cases this devotion almost reminds one of the pious Jews who say their prayers in ancient Hebrew which is as incomprehensible to most of them as it is to the rest of the world.

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In an article written during Marx's lifetime (1878) and widely circulated by official Marxist propagandists, Engels presents Marx's two most important discoveries upon which is based modern "scientific socialism"—so its exponents modestly call their gospel. One is the "materialist interpretation of history" whose merits as a revolutionary theory have often been contested. The other is the discovery of what in socialist terminology is called "surplus value."

By his theory of "surplus value" Marx, in the words of Engels, has demonstrated "that the acquisition of wealth by latter-day capitalists is just as much the appropriation of others' labor, of unpaid labor, as was the acquisition of wealth by the slave owner or by the feudal baron imposing forced labor on his serfs. . . ."

Some critics have pointed to the fact that Marx's "original discovery" of the concept of the "surplus value," that is, of the exploitation of the workers by the capitalist, had been anticipated by nearly half a century by William Thompson in his *Distribution of Wealth* (page 166 of the first edition, 1824). Which shows that Marx was not the only radical economist bent upon proving the obvious, not unlike those learned mathematicians who use the most complicated methods to demonstrate that two and two are four, or to explain the concept of number one. . . .

It almost looked as if Marx, having grown older and lost hope in an early victory over the capitalist class, was reversing the process he had recommended twenty-five years earlier. At that time he had said that whereas up to then the philosophers interpreted the world, it was now necessary to change it. Now, he was destroying capitalism by "cutting the ground from under the feet of the hypocritical contention of the possessing classes that law and justice dominate the existing order of society." As if the continuous strikes for higher wages implying a reduction of that "surplus value" were not a sufficient rebuttal—by the workers at least—of all the above-mentioned "hypocritical contentions." But then, *Capital* was not written for the workers. It was written for the non-capitalist, malcontent sections of the educated middle classes, still under the mental sway of the apologists of capitalism. It was these elements that Marx provided with a sort of justification for ousting the parasitic absentee owners and for substituting their own rule instead—in the form of planned economy, conducted by the government with its countless army of educated office-holders.

One of the features of the first volume of *Capital* was the theory of the continuous decrease of the number of capitalists, due to the suicidal competitive system under which "one capitalist always devours many." That theory implied the eventual concentration of all the wealth of the nation in the hands of a few billionaire leviathans, with the rest of the population converted into propertyless paupers. Once it came to that pass, when the whole of the population had been practically expropriated by a few super-capitalists, then the whole edifice would break down under its own weight, so to speak. It would then be an altogether easy matter to "expropriate the expropriators" and to establish a non-capitalist commonwealth.

The whole theory had nothing to do with economic science. It was a fantastic day-dream—a compensatory mental artifice destroying capitalism in the imagination rather than in fact, an unwitting *reductio ad absurdum* of Marx's two-dimensional pattern of "capitalist" and "proletarian." For the middle layers of society, far from being "pauperized," continued to exist and to grow in numbers. Though "proletarians" in theory, the members of the *new middle class* of educated privileged employees of capitalism were on the whole stanch supporters of the existing system, ready to defend it against any attack on the part of the disinherited. And even the world crisis which has given Marx's construction the semblance of an almost prophetic prediction, has been far from reducing the existing system to his over-simplified pattern.

THE GREAT RIVAL

While Marx was finishing the first volume of his *Capital,* a whirlwind campaign destined to organize the German workers into one great socialist party was carried on by Ferdinand Lassalle, one of his followers during the revolution of 1848. Lassalle, one of the most brilliant men of his time, had a great regard for Marx, whose *Communist Manifesto* he knew by heart and whose friendship he tried to win. But Marx's sentiments were of quite a different nature. He was deeply hurt by the great success and growing popularity of that "fellow who apparently thinks he is the man to step into our shoes," as he wrote in a letter to Engels. For he could not help being aware of the fact that Lassalle was the greatest orator of his time, while Marx lisped and Engels stammered in twenty languages, according to a joke current at the time. And there was also his only too justified resentment against Lassalle's personal tactlessness and almost unbelievable conceit.

However, there was more than mere jealousy in Marx's opposition to Lassalle. Marx visualized the revolutionary process firstly as a struggle for the complete removal of the elements of feudalism by a joint attack of the middle classes and the workers. After this task was effected he saw the time come for the final struggle between socialism and capitalism. Lassalle had partly reversed the process. Skeptical about the revolutionary rôle of the capitalist middle class, and desirous of power, Lassalle conceived the idea of an alliance with Bismarck and the forces of German junkerdom. To these he offered the co-operation of the working class as against the obstreperous bourgeoisie. He saw the growing importance of Prussia in matters concerning German national affairs as a whole, and expected from that important section of German territory the accomplishment of German national unity, zealously aspired to by all German radicals as a step to further progress. Once this was accomplished and universal suffrage obtained, he expected to outwit his conservative allies and—to take the place of Bismarck. The crowning of his dreams was indubitably a sort of Cæsaristic socialism, under which all industries would belong to the state, and the state to Lassalle and his faithful lieutenants, jointly with the officers and higher civil servants coming from the junker caste.

Marx had no doubt that in the contest between Lassalle and Bismarck, the latter would outmanœuvre his ambitious rival. Moreover, that Cæsaristic form of socialism held out no attractions to him. Not because of its possible dictatorial features. The revolution to which Marx aspired as a result of a war would likewise have led to some form of dictatorship. But it would be a "dem-

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ocratic" dictatorship, a dictatorship of the radical sections of the educated middle and lower middle classes, the intellectuals and the self-taught ex-workers. Under such a scheme of things Marx and his crowd of disaffected lower middle-class intellectuals would get the power enabling them sooner or later to reorganize the social system along the lines of state capitalism (or "state socialism," which is the same thing). The dictatorship and the socialism to which Lassalle aspired, in collaboration with Bismarck, might eventually lead to a kind of state socialism too. But it would be a "socialism" under which the Prussian junkers would remain the masters as before, no longer getting their high incomes in the form of ground rent, but of salaries paid to high government officials engaged in managing the nationalized large estates and industries. . . .

The possibility of such a feudal "socialism" was not a mere fancy. There was a time, at the end of the sixties, a few years after Lassalle's death, when Bismarck—with a view to strengthening the junker régime—actually played with the idea of nationalization on a large scale. The scheme would eventually have transformed Germany's economic fabric into a One-Big-Trust system of government ownership. In it, the "dispossessed" junkers and capitalists would rule the nation's economic system as its managers and super-bureaucrats, with salaries of bank and railway directors, while the menials would remain low-paid menials as before—though with some paternalistic improvements. Public opinion had to be prepared for such a step through skilful propaganda, and Bismarck made his choice. He actually offered Karl Marx the editorship of the *Staatsanzeiger,* the official organ of his government. Wilhelm Liebknecht (the father of Karl), the most active of Marx's disciples and the founder of the Marxist socialist party in Germany, was to take charge of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung,* the large conservative daily. The offer was made "with full authorization to develop socialist ideas without any restraint in expression, to the very ultimate consequences." (Wilhelm Liebknecht: *Kein Kompromiss, kein Wahlbündnis,* p. 8.) Needless to say, the offer was ignored. For neither Marx nor Liebknecht wanted to be the intellectual flunkeys of Bismarck's junker socialism. When leaving Germany in the early forties he had proudly vowed never to bend his neck to Prussian reaction, and he bravely kept his pledge.

THE INTERNATIONAL

The death of Marx's great rival (1864) preceded by a few weeks an event that was to become the turning point in Marx's life. It was the foundation of the International Workingmen's Association which occurred in London, in September, 1864. Radical organizations professing the most divergent political views had come together to found a body that would voice the common aspirations toward more democracy and a hazy ideal of human brotherhood.

Marx, though unknown to the world at large, was greatly respected in the various organizations founded by malcontent intellectuals and radical workers. Entrusted with working out the by-laws and the programme of the Association, he soon became the soul and mouthpiece of the whole organization. But there was as great a difference between the language of the addresses of the International and that of the *Communist Manifesto,* as between that of a present-day leader of the British Labor Party and a Russian communist of 1919.

He was speaking now not to a small group of like-minded militants who felt themselves on the threshold of a world-embracing revolution. Those whom he addressed represented various schools of thought whom he hoped to win over by making temporary concessions to their point of view or to their vocabulary.

One of those concessions, wrung from him both by the observation of British economic conditions and by the English trade unions, was the departure from his original attitude with regard to the workers' struggles for higher wages. His acceptance of the trade-union weapon, so to speak, was a marked change from the contemptuous attitude of all the other socialist schools with regard to the everyday demands of the working masses. The workers' everyday struggles were to be combined with the political movement for more democracy, as a means to win the support of the workers for the governmental aspirations of the malcontent intellectuals. *It was this combination that actually marked the beginning of the modern socialist movement as represented now by the various socialist and communist parties the world over.*

There was also another reason why Marx's language was so moderate. The further development of modern industrialism, particularly its victorious progress to the Pacific on the other side of the ocean, had tempered his hopes for an early overthrow of the capitalist system. The utmost he expected was the unification of Germany, the establishment of a republican régime in France, and the liberation of Poland. These achievements, however, he expected chiefly as a result of convulsions following in the wake of foreign wars. He did not visualize them as a result of a well-prepared underground revolutionary movement aiming at an immediate uprising.

The first few years of the International were a great drag on Marx's time. The various sections and their individual members were far from working in unison. They were torn by squabbles caused by group or clique rivalries. But Marx was hopeful. In a letter written to Engels in September, 1867, he speaks with great satisfaction about the progress made by the organization, and he rounds out his thought with the quite unrestrained remark which uncovers the secret springs that kept him alive during all the years of hardship and exile: "Things are marching on. And in the next revolution which is perhaps nearer than it seems, we (that is you and I) will have this powerful *engine** in our hands. *Compare with this the results of Mazzini's etc. operations since thirty years:* And all this without money. [Compare it] with the intrigues of the Proudhonists in Paris, Mazzini in Italy, and the jealous Odger, Cremer, Potter in London [British trade unionists who were members of the International], with Schultze-Delitzsch [a liberal economist and labor organizer] and the Lassalleans in Germany. We have every reason to be satisfied!"

As a matter of fact, the International had not yet become a power at all and its influence upon the course of political events was very slight, particularly in Germany, where it had practically no members at all. But the growing fear it had begun to arouse among the re-

* Words in italic are in English in the German original.

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spectable, and the impending wars with their probable sequels of radical political changes, evoked in Marx those naïve dictatorial hopes of soon shaping the destinies of a world in revolt for more democracy.

Similar egocentric propensities in connection with the International were revealed by Marx a few years later during the Franco-Prussian War. In that war he fervently took the side of Germany. He expected from a German victory the accomplishment of two objectives which he deemed indispensable for the future democratic development of Europe: the overthrow of the militarist semi-absolutism of Napoleon III, and the unification of Germany.

The further vistas which a German victory offered him he presented in a henceforth famous letter to Engels: "The French need a licking," he wrote. "If the Prussians win, then the centralization of *State power* will benefit the centralization of the German working class. German preponderance would, moreover, shift the centre of gravity of the Western European labor movement from France to Germany. And if one only compares the movement in both countries between 1866 and the present, he sees that from the point of view of theory and organization the German working class is superior to the French. Their preponderance on the world stage over the French working class would at the same time mean a preponderance of *our* theory over that of Proudhon." Thus Bismarck's regiments, without knowing it, were fighting for the world-wide triumph of Marxism as well. . . .

HUMAN, ALL TOO HUMAN

Those daydreams of future grandeur were an escape from a very tragic situation. He needed leisure and economic independence for his studies—and had neither. He had to squander much of his time on newspaper work, with the added mortification that many of his contributions were never printed and consequently remained unpaid. He wasted his energy in warding off journalistic attacks and slanders. And in addition to all this he was a sick man, suffering constantly from his liver and from countless furuncles and carbuncles which covered his body and often rendered sitting altogether impossible.

His continuous dependence upon Engels's financial assistance weighed upon his mind, and in 1868, on his fiftieth birthday he wrote bitterly: "Fifty years on my back and still a pauper!" It was tragic and yet there was a false note in it. For Marx did not have to be a "pauper." In 1861 a rich uncle advanced him the amount of 160 pounds sterling in anticipation of his mother's inheritance. Any "petty bourgeois" family could have lived quite comfortably on that sum for at least a year. Marx had to spend it all on a pleasant round trip to Germany, and after three months the most heart-breaking misery again made its appearance. Three years later, Wilhelm Wolff, one of his most devoted followers, an exile like himself, left him an inheritance of between 600 and 900 pounds sterling. The figures vary in the official Marxist sources. That amount would have enabled him to live without any worries for about five years—had he adopted the standard current among the middle-class intellectuals or, let us say, the common run of high-school teachers or government clerks—with their absence of luxury, but of misery as well. Not so the spokesman of the working class. After a few months all the money was gone. What followed almost recalls the story of the man "borrowing" a substantial amount with the observation that "it is bad enough to be poor, but it would be entirely unbearable if, in addition, one could not live well." Marx had to write again one of those "touching" letters to Engels which, while increasing his debt of gratitude, certainly did not increase his love for his benefactor. "It is true," he wrote to Engels, "our living quarters are beyond my means, and moreover we lived this year better than ordinarily. But this was the only way for the children—aside from what they have suffered and for which they have been compensated for a short while at least—to establish connections and relations which could assure their future." Thus, while Engels was a member of the Manchester stock exchange, and Lassalle was using his familiarity with the international situation to sell "short," the father of modern socialism was investing in the matrimonial "futures" of his daughters. . . .

Radical fathers are often quite old-fashioned whenever their own families are concerned, all their modern *Weltanschauung* notwithstanding. Old William Godwin, first anarchist philosopher of modern times, feminist husband of Mary Wollstonecraft and theoretical advocate of free love, could not forgive the author of *Queen Mab* for having become his son-in-law without benefit of clergy. And Marx would not permit his daughters to marry any of their revolutionary suitors before he had thoroughly investigated the financial status of his prospective in-laws' families. True, his choice was rather good for the two elder daughters—Longuet and Lafargue were to become prominent leaders of the French socialist movement. But his objection to the suitor of his youngest and most gifted daughter, Eleanor, had a truly tragic effect. He simply would not permit her to become the wife of Lissagaray, a man of irreproachable character, a member of the Paris Commune and author of the most complete history of that uprising. As a result, her life later became bound up with the infamous Doctor Edward Aveling, the original of Shaw's Dubedat in *The Doctor's Dilemma,* who literally drove or tricked her to death.

A BATTLE OF TITANS

Marx's fear of losing control of that "powerful engine" engaged him in the fiercest battle of his life. It was, however, not a battle against a world of privilege, but against the greatest rebel of the century, the "Apostle of Pan-Destruction," Michael Bakunin.

Marx had had to struggle for the preservation of his influence in the International before. He had been opposed by the French and Belgian followers of Proudhon, who is sometimes called the "Father of Anarchism." But those anarchists were no match for Marx. Contrary to what the present conception of anarchism is, they were a law-abiding peaceful crowd, composed largely of highly skilled workers who still hoped to establish themselves as independent producers. They hoped to reach that goal by Proudhon's long-exploded scheme of a "people's exchange bank," one of those bootstrap-pulling systems that want to overcome capitalism behind its back, to use an expression of Marx. To put it briefly, they were opposed to both political revolutions and economic strikes for higher wages. When the workers, unmindful of the

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theories of their would-be leaders, began more and more to resort to strikes for their bread-and-butter demands, many of the Proudhonists proceeded to change their outlook. The result of it was a new alignment in the International.

The new alignment centred around the personality of Michael Bakunin. A Russian revolutionist, he had achieved world-wide fame by his glorious record during the German Revolution of 1848, when with young Richard Wagner he led the Dresden uprising, as well as by his martyrdom in Russian prisons and Siberia, and finally by his spectacular flight to Western Europe. Bakunin considered himself a disciple of both Marx and Proudhon, combining the libertarian generalities of the latter with the class-struggle ideas of the former.

Bakunin's anarchism—if under "anarchy" one is to understand the idea of a social system without a government—did not hold water. Nor did the Russian rebel's attacks upon Marx's authoritarianism and his iron rule within the International have a genuinely sincere ring. Bakunin had organized a secret organization within the International with the purpose of conquering that body and making it an instrument of the world revolution for the purpose of "abolishing the state." However, it was understood that immediately after the victorious revolution all the power would pass into the hands of the members of his secret organization of conspirators, who were to prepare the great upheaval. So it was, after all, the question of *who* was to be the dictator. . . .

Bakunin's real score against Marx was not in the field of theory but of the actual revolutionary struggle. He saw that the revolutionism of Marx and his crowd was purely verbal; that the elements represented in the organizations constituting the International were altogether opposed to any idea of an immediate revolution. The skilled workers, who were either members of the well-established trade unions in England, or were eligible for the nascent trade-union movement in the more advanced countries, like Germany, were not eager to risk their lives. Neither were the lower middle-class intellectuals in those countries. The democratic or semi-democratic institutions of a developing capitalism had begun to offer them the prospect of a peaceful political career as parliamentary politicians, labor organizers, journalists, preachers. The situation, however, was different in countries like Italy, Spain, and Russia, in which Bakunin now became primarily interested.

These countries, he understood perfectly well, had no growing stratum of regularly employed skilled workers—who were the social basis for the gospel of socialist gradualism as propounded by Marx and the malcontent but not exactly rebellious intellectuals centring around his authority. They had, however, an enormous crowd of altogether hopeless déclassé intellectuals and semi-intellectuals, physicians without patients, lawyers without clients, teachers and journalists without positions, students who had no means for completing their studies. In a word, a crowd similar to that forming the basis of Blanqui's conspiracies in France. True, Bakunin's slogans were different from those of Blanqui. But the difference was in words rather than in essence. Behind all the anarchist talk against authority and for freedom, there lurked the same desire for a dictatorship by a group of desperate déclassé intellectuals. Only, Blanqui had developed his frankly dictatorial gospel in direct succession to the tradition of the Jacobins and later of Babeuf. Bakunin, on the other hand, developed his own conception of the revolution in opposition to the authority of Marx, who, theoretically at least, was just as much in favor of the "conquest of power" as Blanqui. Marx only postponed it to the Greek Kalends, waiting until a war would automatically inaugurate a revolutionary era involving great democratic changes on the European continent.

Bakunin would not, and his following could not wait as long as that. Aside from the déclassé intellectuals who abounded in the Latin countries, and who were to be his general staff, he visualized as his army the enormous numbers of homeless, unemployed "slum proletarians," the unskilled workers and day laborers, as well as the landless and semi-landless peasantry. All these elements, Bakunin was convinced, were craving for an immediate revolution that would radically change the face of the earth.

Bakunin's influence soon began to grow and Marx saw his hold upon the International seriously threatened. "This Russian apparently wants to become the dictator of the European labor movement," he wrote to Engels. So great was the menace that Marx was compelled to make concessions to the mentality of his opponents. The uprising of the Paris Commune of March–May, 1871, which followed in the wake of the Franco-Prussian War, was the occasion on which this could be done. Marx had been opposed to the idea of an insurrection once Napoleon III was no more and the Prussian armies were on French soil. In line with the "gradualist" philosophy which he had embraced ever since he lost faith in a speedy downfall of capitalism, he had thought that a democratic republic was a sufficiently great accomplishment for the time being at least. When the uprising occurred, however, he courageously defended it in a famous Address of the International on the *Civil War in France,* even though, by doing so, he alienated a large section of the pusillanimous British labor leaders. He even went further than that. He glorified the Commune for having begun to break up the government machine—a conception which brought Marx very near to Bakunin who, theoretically at least, advocated the elimination of the government on the morrow after the revolution. This stand of Marx was in contradiction to his old conception according to which the proletariat was to seize power and use it for the suppression of the capitalists. (These passages in his address on the Paris Commune have given rise to endless discussions within the Marxian camp. The most plausible explanation of this apparent contradiction on the part of Marx is that the new departure was a way of meeting the Bakuninist menace half way. Marx was not only a thinker but also a politician and an opportunist for that matter. In the *Inaugural Address* of the International (1864) he had included passages at which he himself sneered in his letters to Engels. But he deemed them necessary in order to placate certain elements within the organization.)

AN INGLORIOUS VICTORY

This concession to Bakunin, however, only further enhanced the influence of Marx's rival. More heroic methods were necessary to stem the tide. What followed was a very sad chapter in the life of the great German rebel.

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He had written somewhere that there was no crime from which a capitalist would recoil if there were the prospect of a very great profit. The methods which he was to use against his opponent proved that the struggle for power and prestige, even if it did not involve any material profits, could bring out the worst there was in human nature. Journalistic slanders were spread by Marx's faithful followers and charges made that Bakunin was a Tsarist spy—which had to be retracted. Finally, Marx himself wrote a thoroughly un-Marxian pamphlet, in which the conflict within the International was traced to the intrigues and machinations of one single man—Bakunin.

And at the end of it all was a "packed" convention of the International at The Hague, which expelled Bakunin from the organization. Moreover, the expulsion was motivated by the accusation that Bakunin had used fraudulent means of appropriating other people's money. Even the most devoted admirers of Marx wince now when they think of this piece of character assassination. For Bakunin was entirely innocent of the charge and his memory is held in high esteem by the Russian Marxists of today. Tragic as the accusation was for the man thus wronged, it had an amusing edge—coming as it did from Marx. For ever since the publication of the unexpurgated edition of the four big volumes containing all his correspondence with Engels, it has been known that, in the past, Marx's methods of raising money were more than objectionable. But in 1872 he no longer remembered his own lean days. Practically a partner in Engels's fortune, he was in very comfortable circumstances then. He looked with bourgeois scorn upon a bohemian have-not like Bakunin, who continuously lived upon other people's money and could spend it as recklessly and thoughtlessly as if he were Marx himself.

The expulsion of Bakunin did not eliminate the danger of the International falling into the hands of "undesirable" elements. For another group of disturbers was now very active in the International. After the downfall of the Commune many Blanquists who had played a leading part in it fled to London. They were very active, desperate, and ready to start a revolt at any time. They were the Bolsheviks of their time, even if they lacked a Marxian vocabulary. The General Council of the International could easily have fallen into their hands. Marx saw only one way to prevent this calamity. It was the simple expedient of killing the organization by transferring its headquarters to New York. In an article written a few years later Engels explained that these "heroic measures were needed" in order "to put an end to the endeavors to make the International responsible for futile insurrections," and shortly before his death he stated that both Marx and himself "felt in 1872 the situation to be becoming on the Continent too dangerous for the old organization to be maintained."* Escape from a "too dangerous situation" created by the possible consequences of "futile insurrections" likely to be resorted to by a still combative Bakuninist and Blanquist element was thus elevated to the dignity of a "heroic measure." The followers of Blanqui and Bakunin had another word for it.

The two aging friends, who had finally become reunited in London since 1870 under conditions of more than average middle-class comfort, had been growing tired of their child. The prospect of a new era of international persecutions engendered by the fear which the Paris Commune called forth, made them uneasy. Not that they were opposed to the revolution *per se*. But in their opinion the time for revolution had not yet come except as the automatic result of a war. This was their profound conviction—a conviction coming both from their analysis of the existing conditions and from the innermost recesses of their no longer heroic souls. Those "foolish and unsavory" anarchist déclassés, as Engels called them, with their irresponsible insurrections, might eventually provoke even the more or less advanced governments into harsh measures of repression. This would mean the death blow to all reasonable democratic progress along British or American lines. It might perhaps deprive them of the possibility of pursuing their economic and philosophical studies, which they apparently valued more than the actual mass movement. For in the above-quoted article of Engels, there is a passage inadvertently betraying their most secret thoughts. "After the Hague Convention," Engels writes, "Marx was at last able to find repose and leisure for the resumption of his studies in the theoretical field, and there is good reason to hope that ere long the second volume of *Capital* will be ready for the press."

* E. B. Bax: *Reflexions and Reminiscences.*

TWO POINTS OF THEORY

After the burial of the International, Marx withdrew from the active direction of the international socialist movement. In fact, his further participation was not necessary. His following no longer consisted of individual groups and microscopic organizations. Regular political parties, each with its specific national problems, began to take their place. Even those countries in which the dissenters from the true faith held sway, began to fall into line. The gradual industrialization of France, Italy, and Spain, with its concomitant economic advantages, succeeded in quenching the ardor of the desperate elements bent upon immediate revolution.

He was still consulted on matters of theory and political programmes, and on those occasions developed some of the concepts upon which he had no opportunity to dwell in his previous writings. A case in point is his now famous letter to the German socialists written when they were about to unite and to bury the old quarrels of the followers of Lassalle and of Marx. This letter went down in history under the name of "Criticism of the Gotha Programme."

Two points stand out particularly in that letter—the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and the question of distribution under the socialist system—two of the most controversial subjects of socialist theory.

Marx had never spoken of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" in his published writings.* Was it because he had some misgivings that his enemies would accuse him of striving to achieve his own dictatorship under the guise of the "dictatorship of the proletariat"? He himself had accused his rivals, Lassalle and Bakunin, of similar propensities, and an open advocacy of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" would have been so much grist to the mill of his enemies.

The document in question deals with the "revolutionary transformation peri-

* Except for a casual remark in his *Class Struggles in France.*

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od" preceding the establishment of a communist society after the overthrow of the capitalist system. The political régime corresponding to that "transformation period" he calls the "revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat." This passage was used by the followers of Lenin to prove to their pink stepbrothers of the socialist denomination that they were apostates from the good, revolutionary Marxian tradition. To which the socialist could reply by adducing another quotation from Marx showing that for democratic countries such as the United States, England, and Holland he favored a peaceful transformation by compensating the capitalists. The fact of the matter was that Marx apparently believed in such revolutionary expedients only for those countries which had no democratic régime as yet —such as the semi-Bonapartist France of the seventies, or junker-ridden Germany.

The present split in the international socialist movement between the pale-pink socialists and the deep-red communists corresponds roughly to the split between the more sedate would-be politicians centring in the International around Marx, and the déclassés taking their inspiration from Bakunin or Blanqui. With the amusing difference, however, that at present both contending groups are swearing by Marx, each of them, in order to confound their opponents, using specific quotations from the Teacher, written on different occasions and under different circumstances. . . .

The letter on the Gotha Programme has become famous by another passage as well. It deals with the subject on which the Marxists are usually noncommittal—that of distribution after the revolution. What Marx had to say on that subject was clothed in most incomprehensible verbiage. He divides the period after the overthrow of the capitalist system into the "first phase of Communism," *i.e.,* the transitional period, and the "higher phase of Communism." The "first phase," according to Marx, "tacitly recognizes the unequal individual endowment and therefore capability of performance as natural privileges." The everyday practice of the Russian Soviet system has finally supplied a comment to this saying of the Teacher. For the Russian communists likewise call their system "the first phase of Communism." The "unequal individual endowment" which is better rewarded simply means *higher education.*

Thus "the first phase of Communism" was the realization of Marx's youthful dream in which he visualized human emancipation headed by "philosophy," *i.e.,* the *philosophers,* which, expressed in class terms, means intellectual workers, the owners and beneficiaries of higher education. (In the present highly technical age, similar dreams are concealed under the verbiage of the "technocratic" school.)

Some modern thinkers, like Renan and Nietzsche, in one form or another, openly set down their ambitions for the rule of an intellectual aristocracy. But they did not think of converting their dreams into reality. Marx was out to "work for the world"—his favorite slogan—and to change it as well. He spoke somewhere of "class Machiavellism"—so he understood that such aristocratic dreams could be realized only if their true substance was not spoken out. The masses, whose assistance was required for the triumph of such changes, had to be made to believe that they were fighting for their own emancipation, that is, for full economic equality, and not for the rule of a new class of masters. Hence the elaborate clouding of the actual issue: higher pay for the new ruling class, the educated organizers and managers under the "first phase of Communism."

But Marx had a consolation to offer to those impatient souls who might find some objections to the inequality of rewards persisting even after the victorious revolution. To these he held out all the delights of an unearthly anarchist Arcadia of the "higher phase of Communism"—in which every one works whenever he wants and as long as he wants, and gets as much as he desires. (The famous "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs," with the question of who is to determine one's "needs" remaining discreetly open.) Here the analogy with the religious promise of celestial bliss as a reward for the privations suffered in this life, becomes particularly striking. . . .

MASTER AND DISCIPLES

While readily submitting to all of the Teacher's dicta whenever questions of pure theory were concerned, the socialist leaders balked occasionally where matters of practical policy were involved. They still regarded themselves as revolutionists and idealists, but were gradually becoming ordinary politicians. Their interests turned to *immediate* success, to catching the labor vote, to getting elected, and to developing into potential Briands and MacDonalds.

It is on this point that the Teacher clashed repeatedly with his disciples. They were concerned with "practical results," even if some of the good old traditional tenets of Marx's teaching had to be disregarded in the process—by borrowing from the demagogical arsenal of their various political competitors. Marx, of course, had no personal interest in those little games for jobs and political honors. He was more intent upon the further aspects of the struggle; upon the avoidance of such steps as might eventually compromise his followers, and consequently his teaching, in the eyes of the masses. Any such steps might likewise give weapons into the hands of the competitors from the left, and restore the prestige of Bakunin and his followers.

Those clashes occurred right in his own family, with his two sons-in-law, who toward the end of the seventies and in the early eighties began to play a prominent part in the French socialist movement. Charles Longuet, the husband of his older daughter Jenny, had never become a full-fledged Marxist. His other son-in-law, Paul Lafargue, who was later to become the chief theorist of French Marxism, was not above reproach either. It is in this distress at being misunderstood and misinterpreted by his own followers in France, that he launched that winged phrase in which he said that if this was Marxism he himself was not a Marxist.

Paul Lafargue, one of the heirs, so to speak, among whom the empire of Marxism was to be divided after the Master's death, gave particular cause for offense. In 1882, only a few months before the old man's death, Lafargue was engaged in a curious competition with the French anarchists as to which of the two schools is more revolutionary. With an angry sneer, Marx reports to Engels in a letter written from some health resort, that Lafargue was getting his theoretical ammunition from Bakunin, and from a misunderstood

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Bakunin at that! And he wound up that passage with a tragic cry of distress: "Longuet as the last Proudhonist, and Lafargue as the last Bakuninist! The devil take them!" It was really a sad balance-sheet for the convincing value of his gospel if his own sons-in-law could not follow his trend of thought after having known him and tried hard for nearly fifteen years! Lafargue was what the Americans would call a "colored man." His father was a white planter in Cuba and his mother a mulatto. Marx, in his righteous indignation at his in-law's fall from grace, even holds his race against him. "Lafargue has a bad scar from the Negro race: *no sense of shame* [underscored in the original], I mean the fear of making himself ridiculous."

GENIUS AND CHARACTER

That passage about Lafargue's racial deficiency was not an accidental quip. Marx somehow could not rid himself of that urge to sneer not only at people in general, but also at those races and nationalities which a Western bourgeois in good standing is always wont to look down upon. . . .

It seems that in the deeper recesses of his soul there were accumulated sentiments which are the very opposite of those feelings of human kindness and friendliness toward the lowly and unsuccessful which are usually the emotional accompaniment of socialism. Marx never missed the opportunity to use the word "Straubinger" (bums) when he referred to the German workers who were the members of the Communist League in Paris and London. Or if it was the case of a déclassé, he would invariably attach to him the contemptuous "Exstudiosus," *i.e.*, former student, a man who did not complete his college studies. The snobbish contempt with which the great teacher, in the very years of his affluence, spoke of Bakunin's down-and-out following of starving déclassé intellectuals, who lived in a misery he had never endured, is highly revealing. It is a striking refutation of all the legends which for the last sixty years have been woven around his life, legends which have endowed him with qualities of the soul he never possessed.

Once his unbounded egotism came near shattering the old friendship. In 1863 Engels's sweetheart, Mary Burns, died suddenly. It was a terrific blow and Marx's friend was very unhappy. His letter which testified to his great sorrow elicited the following reply from Marx: "The news of Mary's death has both surprised and dazed me. She was very good-natured, witty and was very greatly attached to you.—The devil knows it, nothing but bad luck happens in our circles. I no longer know where my head stands. My attempts to get money in Germany and France . . . [follow about two hundred words of hard-luck stories about debts, baker and butcher bills, shoes and clothing for the children, etc.] It is terribly egoistical on my part to tell you all these horrors. But the remedy is homœopathic. One misfortune destroys another. . . ." Engels was so dumbfounded by the kind of sympathy he got from his closest friend that he did not answer for a week. "All my friends," he wrote at last, "including philistine acquaintances, have shown me more friendship and sympathy on this occasion than I could expect. You found this the proper moment to display the superiority of your cool way of thinking." The draft of the letter still contained the sentence, "You may enjoy this advantage—nobody will challenge it." Under any other circumstances, he would have broken with a man who took so little interest in his personal happiness. However, to use Marx's own phrase, they were inseparably connected in a sort of partnership venture—whose dividends were apparently payable in the form of immortality. Engels finally overcame the blow, and he generally showed the greatest indulgence toward all actions of Marx. He had resigned himself to play second fiddle to him as part of his own historical rôle. And he apparently took toward Marx the same charitable attitude the latter assumed toward Heine, when he said that it was impossible to apply the same yardstick to poets and artists as to other people.

THE LAST YEARS

Soon after Marx had written to his friend, in 1868, that desperate "fifty years on my back and still a pauper," his situation underwent a marked change. An end was put to his continuous financial worries and domestic tragedies. Engels decided to wind up his partnership in Manchester and retire on his share. Generously, he offered his friend 350 pounds sterling a year—an amount securing him all the comforts of a well-situated upper middle-class family. Engels himself moved on to London.

Much has been written about the great misery Marx had to undergo for the sake of the working class. It is part of the new "proletarian" religion, with its Calvary—and its Pastor Weems stories. He certainly spent many years in difficult circumstances. The incessant slanders on the part of his enemies and, still more, the denial of recognition for his great scientific effort, additionally embittered his life. Yet, he has had his great compensation. For the last fifteen years of his life were years of general recognition, fame, and material ease.

The rest he could now enjoy came rather late in his personal life. For in the middle of the seventies he was almost "through." Overwork, lack of exercise, personal disposition to all possible ailments, sleeplessness, lack of appetite, had made a wreck of him before he was quite fifty-five. He never finished the last two volumes of *Capital*. He spent many months of the year in various watering places in a vain attempt to restore his health. Several things he wrote showed that his mind was no longer as alert as it used to be in former years.

The last two years were marred by great sorrows. His wife died in 1881 after a long and painful illness. She was followed about a year later by his oldest daughter, Jenny Longuet, whose son Jean, member of the French Chamber of Deputies, is one of the leaders of the very moderate Socialist Party in France. He is the only surviving member of the Marx family. This is perhaps a symbol. For it is the frankly "gradualist" respectable socialists, and not their more radical, largely déclassé, communist step-brothers, who are the legitimate successors of the Great Teacher.

On March 14, 1883, the news of Karl Marx's death flashed around the world. It was the painless end of a long agony. His literary work was not completed—but his task was finished. He had done more than any other man of the nineteenth century to undermine the ideological authority and the "legitimacy" of private capitalist rule. He had become the inspiration of the great army of malcontent sons of the lower middle classes, who in one way or another, by

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slow transition or by violent attack, have endeavored to bring about a higher form of social organization; an organization implying the rule of a new master class, the office-holders and technicians, the owners of education, the lords of the swivel chair and the desk—in place of the lords of the manor, the factory, and the money bag.

"Socialism" is no longer the spectre that once horrified the owners of privilege. Our sophisticated age is gradually beginning to discard the old terms of socialism or communism with their misleading connotation of economic equality. More and more it begins to apply the expressions "planned economy" or "state capitalism."

Sooner or later the bourgeois world will have to adopt this new form of capitalism to save itself from total disintegration and from a threatening revolt of its unemployed pariahs. It will be the realization of Plato's aristocratic dream of the philosopher's republic—"sophocracy" as one of the Teacher's heretical disciples once labelled the coming form of class rule. And it will be the name of Marx that will hover over this next phase of human civilization.

OLD MEN ON THE BLUE

By Thomas Hornsby Ferril

I KNOW a barn in Breckenridge on the Blue,
In Summit County, Colorado, where
A Ford transmission rots upon the wall
Beside an ox-yoke. You can stand inside
The barn and peer like a pack-rat through the logs
And see how summertime looks outdoors, and see
A sleigh with hare-bells ringing under it,
And snowy yarrow drifting over the runners.

How high the mountains are behind the barn
Along toward evening nobody seems to know,
And nobody seems to know how blue they are,
Not even the old men sitting all day long
On a ledge in the shade in front of the general store;
But they watch the gasoline go up and down
In the big glass pump where the white-faced people stop
Who are crossing the Rocky Mountains.

They watch the white-faced people crawl away
Into the hackled fractures of the peaks,
Up where the Mississippi River ends
And the bodies of the frozen dragonflies
Begin to float to the Gulf of California.

The mountain ranges in the evening fill
The sockets of the old men's eyes with blue,
And some of their cheeks are lavender and lilac.
One long day after sunset sunlight poured
Out of the east, from an amber thunderhead,
To make their cheek-bones shine like yellow gold.

The old men do not speak while the pump is running,
But when you drive away you can hear their voices,
Like sounds you hear alone at night in a canyon
When pieces of blackness clatter on pieces of water,
And you think if you didn't have the car in low,
You could overhear what the mountains have never told you.

At night the old men sleep in houses that
Will always have geraniums in the windows.

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